

A True and Faithful
ACCOUNT
OF ~~1651-63~~
What was observed
IN
TEN YEARS
TRAVELLS

INTO
The principal places of Eu-
rope, Asia, Africa and America,

WRITTEN

In several Letters to Noble Per-
sonages from place to place, as they
were observed, with variety of Hi-
storical and Moral Peices.

By R. F. Esq; a. 5653.

L O N D O N , X

Printed for William Crook at the Three Bibles
on Fleet-Bridge. 1665.

THE
T

The principal Persons to whom these Travels by Letters were written, are.

The Vice Roy of Norway.

Qu. Mother of France.

Duke of Buckingham.

Princess of Hohenlohe.

Lord Charles Dudley.

Duchess of Lorraine.

Lord Thomas Somerset.

Duchess of Richmond.

Lord Marquis Cumillo Bagot.

Briget Countess of Desmond.

Lord Rich.

Countess of Berlambon.

Count Salazar.

Lady Tenham.

Col. Will. Evers.

Lady Byron.

Sir J. S. [unclear]

Lady Elizabeth Darcy.

Monsieur Lawriss.

Lady Isabella Thinsk.

R. F. John Pererio of

Lady Howard.

Dr. Hart.

Lady Audley.

Mr. Henr. Petre.

Mademois. de Beausvoys.

Mr. Edw. Lewis.

Mademois. de Chaque.

Mr. John Mally.

Mr. Tho. Higgins.



Dedicated to the best of my
knowledge and skill to the best of my
ability.

The Epistle Dedicatory. Being notes upon the

To all those Noble Persons I ges mentioned in these following

Letters, et eau ill bloudist
Q (1571) A brast o' th' co' se

 Our, with good R. F.,
son, I dedicate these

Letters, to whom they
were writ, and so

whom I have Dedicated my
self; For whilst others were desirous
of pleasures, Ambitious of Honors,
or Covetous of wealth, you were all
in all to me, all my pleasure, all my
honour, all my wealth; nor had I
other desire nor Ambition, but of
you; so became I more desirous,
similitude of disposition best gain-
ing and conserving Frends, know-

ing you were not to be purchas'd
but by worth, nor consider'd but by
merit. Never any man then gain'd
more by his Friends than I, nor
without some Acknowledgment
to mine Enemies, (of whom I
should have fewer, if they would
be content to stand Neuters) Of
which sort though I make no men-
tion, yet had I ever some who ad-
ded sharp spurrs unto me of doing
well, not to afford them the plea-
sure of my doing Ill : as Souldiers in
battle, almost commonly as much
encouraged to fight, to deprive their
Enemies of the Victory, as to gain it
for their *Friends*. Accept then of this
Dedication, and be still to me as
you have ever been, so shall I study
still to be alwayes to you as I have
been,

Yours, &c.

The

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader,

Tis for no vaunt nor boast that I write my Travails (I esteeming myself (I can assure thee) a far leſſe Trouaile now (having fail'd of ſeeing the East-Indies, and conſequently all the Eastern Monarchies) than I did when I paſt over Seas to Zeland firſt) but to ſatisfie the curioſity of ſome noble friends, and make honourable mention of others, to whom I am infinitely obliged, (ſo thou wil find whilſt I make but ſlight mentiōn of thofe, I am moſt accurate in mentioning theſe) nor is it vanity in me, that I make mention of ſo many, and noble ones, all that know me, knowing I never willingly converſe but with the nobleſt in every place, finding them ſtill in every reſpect the beſt; beſides, ſince Fortune maim'd me, and brought me to my Crutches, whom ſhould I rely upon but the beſt able to ſupport me? which they the more willingly do (perhaps) because I lean ſo lightly on them, and alwayes ſtrive to afford them ſome pleaſure for the profit I receive of them.

And

And thus much for that, & the following
Letters, I must advertise thee, that most of
those writ abroad are but translated out of the
several Languages I writ them in originally,
nor art thou to imagine them lesse English for
that, there being as much difference betwixt the
Authors translating his own conceptions, and
those of an others, as betwixt a Pictures copying,
and a Painters drawing the same piece agen,
the one having a dead Copy for imitation, the
others pieces being all drawn upon the life. For
the rest some faults thou must allow the Printer,
& some me, neither having been so accurate as
they might have been, and for all testimony
of friends, give me leave to prefix only this
following one before my Book, Qui mihi mille
testes erit.

To

To the Lord Marquis of
NEWCASTLE.

Who in Answer to a Copy of Verses of his sent
me, will please him these following,

Leckno thy verses are too high for me,
Though they but justly fit thy muse and thee,
Caesars should be thy Theans on them to write,
Though shou'dt express them more than they
could fit.

Those Worthies rank them in thy wits pure file,
Though Homers blusb, and Virgils lofty stile:
For thy Poetique Flame is so much higher,
Where it should warm, & consumes us with thy
fire.

Thy vaster fancy does imbrace all things,
And for thy Subiect ought i' have greatest
Kings.

To
My Lord,

I Receiv'd the Verses you honored me withall, which impose on me a necessity of deserving them, although I do not yet, to which end I know you writ them (for 'twere too great presumption in me to imagin you flatter'd me) it being one of the Gentlest Arts of Frendship,

ship; Landam's praisert; to praise one for
somewhat they are not, to incite them to what
they are praised for; yet must I glory in it;
and publish it every where; Since, if as Cicero
says, *Item etiam laudari a laudabilis viro*, 'tis only
true praise to be praised by a praise-worthy
man, how glorious must it be to me to be
praised by the most praise worthy-man alive?
by one who has the most of the noble man in
him, the most of true greatness, and who is
of so equal a mind in all Fortuns, as prosperous
could never elate, nor adverse e'r depress; no
more My Lord bat the assurances that I shall
always be

Your Lordships most O^rc^t

To



I.

To Col. Will. Euers from
Gant, Anno 40.

The Reasons of his Go: g over Se: 15.

Noble Sir,

 Here are divers Birds that lie away, when Stormes and Winter comes, one of those Birds am I : for all prognosticks Mariners observe of ensuing Storms, I have observ'd in England, the billows beginning to swell high, and those Porpoises which, were the Times fair and serene, should be i'th' Bottom, dauncing on the Top. Mean time, let your vast and strong-built Carracks ride out the storm for me, I'm too weak and slight-built a Vessel for Tempestuous Seas ; Besides educated as I am, in the Arts of Peace, (Musick and Poetry) and your Musick of Base, Superious, and Rector chors, or King, Peers and Commons being all

disconsorted, the Base neither admitting of
 Master of the Quire to moderate it, nor *Suspicio*
 nes to comfort with 't, without which, 'tis ra-
 ther a Loud Tumultuous noise, than Musick
 and Harmonie: *England* is no place for me,
 and for Poets, they are well feign'd to delight
 in Hills and Mountains, where there are al-
 wayes some *Eminences* above *Lycurgus* valleys,
 or fields of standing Corn, where all heads are
 equal, *England* begins to be a place too much
 overgrown with Shrubs and Underwoods for
 me. And thus much for my leaving it. Now
 for my Retreat hither, 'twas altogether with-
 out design; I, like one who flies an *Incendium*,
 wholly indifferent whither I went, so I sav'd
 my self; and if any thing turn'd the scale for
Flandres, 'twas its near Vicinitie to *England*;
 and for *Gant*, because 'tis the chief Town here,
 (whoever would know any thing, or be
 known in any place, being ever to reside in the
 principalit City of the Country where he is)
 yet did *Fortune*, (the best director of indiffe-
 rent Things) dispose it better for me, than
Council or *Deliberation* could (the Directors
 of things where there is choice and difference)
 Lighting hear on a neat Town, Good Air,
 and excellent Company, of the Count *Salazar*
 Governor of the Cittadel, his Lady, the Baron
Reosse her noble Brother, the *Blaugelvalx*,
 the Marquis of *Libourge*, with divers others
 of the Nobility, extremely courteous and obli-
 ging, (as most commonly they are all, when

out of Court and Competency with others) amongst these I am daily Conversant, there is no Feast nor party without me. In all their sports and Exercises I must make one, for their Games, they teach them me, and make me win, or if I chance to lose, they are as much concern'd as for their own losses, and more than I am for mine. It were too great a vanity to tell you this, if it were not a greater Ingenuity to conceal it, and you know (Sir) I can so little conceal the honour my Frends do me, as I publish every wher the honour you do me, in being one of them, as that I have in being,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

II.

To the Lord —— from Gant, An. 41.

*With the Character and Epitaph of the
Earl of STRAFFORD.*

My Lord,

You would not believe me, when I told you which way things tended, and see what comes of it. One of you is brought unto the block already, for whom I have made this following Epitaph,

*To see such Heads off, on the Scaffold lie,
Only to keep on th' Head of Majestie,*

*What is't, but Admonition to his Peers,
Such Heads once off, 'tis time to look to
theirs.*

As for this following *Character*, because I know my Lord amongst your many other commendable qualities, you have this, not to Envy others commendations, I send it you withall.

The Character of the Earl of Strafford.

He was the fullest Man of all the Eminent parts and qualities of a Great Minister of State, as *England* ever bred, and both in Cabinet, and abroad, exprest it as fully too; his unhappinesse 'twas, (or rather ours) that he liv'd not in happier Times (might have rather Admir'd, than Envyed those parts of his) so as that Epitaph of *Adrian* the 6th, might well be applyed to him, *Prob! dolor quantum refert
in qua Tempora vel optimi cuiusque virtus incidat.* Many Envyed him, because few understood him, and 'tis almost to be wisht that his Prince had not don't so well, since 'twas his overthrow (so much more it imports the People than the Prince be Good, they being many, and he but one.) He was a Jewel fit for the Crown of any Prince to wear, and that his Prince well knew, and therefore wore him there; but being matcht, and overmatcht too with counterfeit ones, they fearing his splendor should dim and offuscat them, snatched him thence, and cast him into the obscurity of

a Prison, from whence he might have escap'd, had he preferr'd his Life before his Fame; but he had higher Thoughts, and look't only after *Eternitie*, and the perpetuating his Memory; so while 'twas irreparable losse unto the Crown, 'twas his gain to die with the glorious title, and high reputation of his *Princes Martyr*. Nor wanted there as great prodigies at his death, as ever fore-run any *Heroes* yet, all the Laws of the Land being first subverted, the King losing his Authority, and Kingdom chang'd into *Democracie*, Er' he could die: so as his noble House was more honour'd and illustrated by his fall, than ever't could have been, even in his greatest rise.

And now (my Lord) comfort your self, if you chance to be the next, that you shall not want one to make your *Epitaph*, and *Character* at least; but I rather wish and hope 't may be your *Elogium*, in celebration of your Glorious Actions. For if things look towards a Warr, (as I'm affraid they do) 'twill be as well the Glory of your Judgement to chuse the better side, as of your Valour to defend it bravely; for Valour is either Virtue or Vice, as 'tis well or ill employed; and 'tis hard to determine which is the greater Crime, to defend an Ill Cause well, or a good one ill: You then being of *Brutus* disposition, (*Quicquid vult, valde vult*) that is, vehement in all you undertake, I cannot end this Letter with a better Prayer, than God blesse a good Cause from

*What is't, but Admonition to his Peers,
Such Heads once off, 'tis time to look to
theirs.*

As for this following *Character*, because I know my Lord amongst your many other commendable qualities, you have this, not to Envye others commendations, I send it you withall.

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in qua Tempora vel optimi cuiusque virtus incidat.* Many Envyyed him, because few understood him, and 'tis almost to be wisht that his Prince had not don't so well, since 'twas his overthrow (so much more it imports the People than the Prince be Good, they being many, and he but one.) He was a Jewel fit for the Crown of any Prince to wear, and that his Prince well knew, and therefore wore him there; bat being matcht, and overmatcht too with counterfeit ones, they fearing his splendor should dim and offuscat them, snachte him thence, and cast him into the obscurity of

a Prison, from whence he might have escap'd, had he preferr'd his Life before his Fame; but he had higher Thoughts, and look't only after *Eternitie*, and the perpetuating his Memory; so while 'twas irreparable losse unto the Crown, 'twas his gain to die with the glorious title, and high reputation of his *Princes Martyr*. Nor wanted there as great prodigies at his death, as ever fore-run any *Heroes* yet, all the Laws of the Land being first subverted, the King losing his Authority, and Kingdom chang'd into *Democracy*, Er' he could die: so as his noble House was more honour'd and illustrated by his fall, than ever't could have been, even in his greatest rise.

And now (my Lord) comfort your self, if you chance to be the next, that you shall not want one to make your *Epitaph*, and *Character* at least; but I rather wish and hope 't may be your *Elegium*, in celebration of your Glorious Actions. For if things look towards a Warr, (as I'm afraid they do) 'twill be as well the Glory of your Judgement to chuse the better side, as of your Valour to defend it bravely; for Valour is either Virtue or Vice, as 'tis well or ill employed; and 'tis hard to determine which is the greater Crime, to defend an Ill Cause well, or a good one ill: You then being of *Brutus* disposition, (*Quicquid vult, valde vult*) that is, vehement in all you undertake, I cannot end this Letter with a better Prayer, than God blesse a good Cause from

buying you for Enemy, and God blesse you
from being Frend unto an Ill; which is the
prayer of

My Lord,

Yours, &c.

III.

To Mr. Henry Petre from Gant,
Anno 42.

Of his Resolution to leave G A N T.

Noble Sir,

I have liv'd to see the day, when having lost
all long since, I may thank God for having
nothing now, nor did I ever know how great
a happiness 'twas, till I saw their unhappi-
ness, who are bemir'd and bogg'd in their own
Land, and bound to their Countries by the ties
of Wife and Children: For what avails it such
to have their Bodies free abroad, whilst their
Souls are imprisoned at home? or to flee the
miseries of their Country, whilst they have left
Pledges with Fortune there to be miserable
still? I speak this in regard of many English
here, retir'd (as they imagine) from the
Noyle and Tumult in England, whilst their ears
are as much beaten with it here, and their
minds as much sollicited and perplex'd, as if
they were present there. They receiving week-

ly

ly Intelligence from their Wives, Frends and Servants there? This, that his house is plundered; that, that his Tenants refuse to pay their Rent; a third, that his Estate is sequestred, &c. when I must make sad faces with them for company, or they cry out, I care not how things go. I answer, If my care could remedy it, I should; And for their Losses, I protest they touch me as neerly, and I'm as sorry for them, as I should be for my own, and if that suffice not, I am sorry Nature made me not of another Temper and Disposition for their sakes; Neither was this any *Stoical* Indolency in me, who could suffer, nay die for a Friend, but yet without trouble and vexation. In fine, I'm so wearied out with this sad sport, as (not to be made miserable at second hand) I'm resolv'd to quit this place, and retire me to *Anwerp* or *Bruxelles* (for I'm indifferent for either) you laugh now at my Indifferency, but may I die, or lose your Friendship, which is more, if I find it not an Immense happiness to say with *Bizus*, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, and while others by heaping up wealth on wealth, make themselves at last so cumbersome a load of it, they cannot stir for it; I by reducing all to the narrow compass of one *Portmanteau*, travel lightly up and down, injoying that Liberty, *Fortune* has bestow'd on me, and *Nature* inclines me to, wanting nor wishing for nothing more (Sir) than your Company, being as I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

IV.

To the Lady Audley, from Bruxelles,
Anno 42.

Of his Arrival there.

Madam,

I Am at last arrived at *Bruxelles*, where for some Time I intend to stay, having by rowling up and down like a Snow-ball contracted so many Acquaintances, as I am now incompass'd with them, and in the Center of them all. The Town is exceeding pleasant, the Nobilitie numerous, and Ladies generally handsome, more sprightly than the *English*, and of graver Temper than the *French*; (in a word, Madam, just like your self) to tell you of their Generous Actions, (For I know you love Generosity, and they but imitate you in it) the Marchionesse of *Bergues*, Mother of those two incomparable Ladys, the Duchesse of *Lorraine*, and *Mademoiselle de Beauvais*, after my first visit, siogling me from the Company, told me, that since she knew those of my Country and Condition (as the Times went) could not be so well accommodated, she should take it ill of me, if in my wants I had recourse to any but her self. To whom I answered, (after my most humble remerciments for so high a favour) That as I yet wanted nothing : so 'twas now impossible I ever should, having the honour

honour of her good Graces, which I beseech'd her to continue only, and I should be Rich enoug^h, After this, visiting Madam Berl^mont, (whose very Name is story) she freely and nobly offered me the honour of her Table during my abode in *Bruxelles*, where only Eat her self, her two Neices, Daughters to the Duke of *Arschot*, and the young Prince of *Arembergh* his Son, whence you may conjecture how great an honour 'twas, but much more by that which followeth.

She having the great Spirit of the Nobility here, not only Hereditary, but almost all contracted in her self, not brooking the Spanish domination (besides some *Pique* with the *Infanta*) was banisht the Court to her House at *Audenard*, where for some years she lived retired, like a Great Princesse as she was, till at last (the *Infanta* dead) her Banishment was exchang'd, for Confinement to her House at *Bruxelles*, which she carried so wisely, and so cunningly dissembled at her Return, as making vertue of necessity, she reclus'd her self in her own House, as in a *Monastery*, together with her Neices, every one the whilst envying her felicity, accompting it a point of solemn greatness in her, to be visited by all, without obligation of re-visiting any, and of great happiness to live so in the world, as she were out of it, and so out of it, as she enjoy'd it more than those who were in it. living at vast expence, keeping a Noble Train and Table,

wanting no pleasures nor delights a plenteous Fortune could procure, or honourable mind could wish, having Woods, Gardens, Fish-ponds, Banqueting-houses, all within the incinct and inclosure of the Walls, with cooling Fountains, where under the shaddow of fresh Arbors, she eats all the Summer Time. And in that state she was, when she offered me the honour of her Table, and Freedome of her House; which her Noblenesse not suffering my Modesty to refule, imagin Madam, what a delicious life I lead, in so noble Company, so splendidious Entertainment, and so Magnificent Equipage; which that you may not think too voluptuous a life, 'tis requisite you know, that the Mornings we employ in our Devotions in the Chapell of her *Monastery*, into which she has a Dore opening out of her House, where on Sundays and Holydayes is frequent concourse of all the Nobler sort, to hear the Nuns Musick, absolutely the best in *Bruxelles*, for Voice and Instrument. You'll pardon Madam, my Tediumness in relating these particulars, and consider how hard it is to moderate ones self in so great Felicitie, which yet I can assure you, without Complement, I would exchange, were it far greater than it is, for one day at *Holcroft*, or wheresoever you are. Mean time be pleased to believe, that wheresoever I am, nothing can change me from being

Madam,

Yours, &c.

To

To Mr. Edward Lewis at the Spa,
from Bruxelles, Anno 43.

Of Conversation with Ladies.

Noble Sir,

Yours from the *Spa* I received by the last, for your Newes I thank you, that of the Prince of *Gaure* was welcom to Mademoiselle d' *Arschor*, and more to Madam *Berlame*, who both command me to present their best respects and remembrances unto you. But now touching our Quarell.

You wonder I am always amongst the *Ladies*, and I wonder, you and all men are not so; for amongst them, one learns nothing but *Vertue*, high honour and Noblenesse, whilst amongst Men (such is the corruption of the Times) one learns nothing but *Libertinage*, Vice and *Deboisherie*; Mistake me not yet I mean not all Women, but only such you left me with, and *Madamoiselle de Beauvais*, whom I look not upon as Woman, but *Vertu's self*; of whom you remember I said upon another occasion, that

*She was so wrapt up from our mortal sence,
In all that's Excellent, as one by one
Unfolding her out every Excellence,
You never should unto bare Woman come.*

Nor mean I all Men neither, but only your young Gallants of the Time, who have little

of the Court, less of the School, and all of the
 Boardel in them ; who, whilst they learn only
 to manage the Sword, leave the Ladys in pos-
 session of their Books at home : and at best,
 talk of nothing but *Rampards* and *Parapats*,
Musquetads, *Estramacons*, and *Canonads* : so
 as you have nothing but the noise of *Drums*
 and *Trumpet* in your head, whilst they are pre-
 sent, and the ringing of it in your ears a month
 after they are gone. I know too there are bad
 Women in the world, such who have put off
 Woman, and put on Impudence ; but I thank
 God I know them not, nor ever mean to do :
 So are there many learned and pious men ; but
 still me thinks they are but Men, and have their
 Imperfections. If they be learn'd, they are
 most commonly too positive and Magisterial,
 and so *opiniative*, as none's opinion must be
 heard, but theirs. 'Tis a *Tyranny* to con-
 verse with them, and Conversation, you know,
 should be a *Republique*, where every ones dis-
 course and opinions should be Free : So your
 Pious men have somewhat in them (common-
 ly) of the supercilious, rather deterring than
 inviting to their conversation ; They would
 have all Grave like themselves, without di-
 stinction of Age nor persons ; every thing is
 Vanity with them, every thing Levity : which
 quality till they sweeten, they are too Austerer
 for me. Now for your *Ladies*, without noise
 and quarel you converse with them, there is
 no contention with them, but in courtesie ;
 they

they gently give you their opinions, and let you retain your own ; they pursue not contention, but Truth, and have no Author to maintain beyond it ; their Virtue is charming, and Honour without boast ; and finally, 'tis pleasure, not pain, to converse with them. I grant you, they have their Imperfections too, but they are noble ones, and their Birth, their Education, and the modesty of their Sex, makes them nothing, in comparison with those of men ; For example, an Oath, an Obscene word with them is horror and blasphemy, that is but sport and gallantry with Men. But what doe I talk of Imperfections, having so newly mentioned Mad. *de B.* with whom Imperfections the same day are not to be nam'd, and of whom I must make more hast to speak, whilst she is effable, she advancing so fast towards perfection, as she will be ineffable e'r long, and here I must end, since having but named her, I have no more to say, but to admire, and abruptly to tell you that I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.

To

VL

To the Lord ——— from Bruxelles,
Anno 44.

Of his Resolution to travel into ITALY.

My Lord,

You will wonder, living so deliciously as I do, so as 'tis the general voice of Brussels,
None liveth but I, every day with Mademoiselle de Arschot and the Princesse d'Hochecorn in the Park, singing, and making Musick at foote of every Tree, and head of every Fountain, every day in Feasts at home, or Collations abroad, I can resolve so soonto quit Brussels, having scarcely yet resided here a year; And you will say perhaps, (as others do) that I am unconstant, fickle, and even aweary of mine own felicitie. But I will tell you now, in confidence, my Reason for't. Tis no Inconstancy, but rather a constancy to my first Resolution of flying war and trouble, makes me now resolve to leave this Country, and travel into Italy; Nor could I excuse it to mine own Country, should I longer stay here, where the French and Hollander betwixt them, wast and consume this Country; just like a Taper lighted at both Ends; nor is there any retreat here from the noise of Warr and Tumult, every place being Frontire to some Enemy.

Enemy or other ; may the very Walls of some Towns (so narrowly they are prest) frontire unto both. Mean time , imagine with what heart I can behold so many noble creatures (so nobly obliging me) suffering under so many heavy Calamities , one's Territory spoyl'd , an others Castles raz'd unto the ground , and all reduc'd by it to such want and povertie , as I heard a Great *Princessse* say not long since , after she had reform'd her House and Family almost to a fourth part , That she fear'd she should be forc'd to Spinn to maintain the rest . Yet do they venture Lives & Fortunes here to maintain their King in possession of his own , whilst better cheap they might be subject to an other Prince , and change hands , only by crossing of their Arms , and sitting still (a rare Example of Loyalty in Subjects now adayes .) Italy then , being the only Country now free from Wars , and the miseries it brings in train of it , thither I resolve to go , in search of that Peace all Countrys have lost but it . And if you ask me , with what heart I can leave this Noble Company , I am so much obliged unto ? Truly , just with such an one as I should depart with Life , or whatever were dearer unto me then it ; Nor could I ever resolve to do it , without hope of returning soon again , and some sudden change of Fortune . Mean time , part of my Grief , and resentment of my departure , I have endeavoured to expresse in this following copy of Verses , which , cause they

they are but short, I send you here.

*Absence, that in each soft and gentle mind,
With parting frends doth leave a sting behid;
Iust like the Bee, but with far differenc' Faze,
Thou wounding where thou lov'st, they where
they hate:*

*Since Destiny of things would have it so,
What most we love, with pain we shoud forgo;
And that the smart of all lov'd things be such,
Nothing hereafter may I love too much;
So, though I prove less happy by't, (this true)
I shall, withall, be less unhappy too.*

This, my Lord, if you shall read with some reflexion to your self, you shall do but Justice to
Your Lordships, &c.

VII.

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, from
Paris, Anno 44.

O^rbis Arival at PARIS.

Mademoiselle,

In compliance with my Duty, and your Commands, I shall have the honour to let you understand that I am arriv'd at Paris, (thanks to Count Grancy, who arrested all my

my Company (except my self) for comming to Gravelling out of the Enemies Country, without Pasport. For *Paris*, what should I say of it, but that 'tis one of the greatest Cities in the World ; and where there is the greatest disorder : 'tis all *Harry*, and one spends more Spirits with noises here in a week, than he can recover in a years Solitude. They accompt their Kingdom greater than any three of the King of Spains, and so they may this City, then any three of his Cities, *Madril*, *Sevil*, and *Salamanca*, for Count *Ville Marabout*, and Universitie, not being altogether to be compar'd with it. For the rest, leaving every one to admire somewhat of other here; even to that *Italian* Prelat, who admir'd the Great Abundance of Cooks shops, and *Alloys* of Bief. I admire nothing in it; for he arriving at admiration, who goes but a step beyond that he knows already, I (*Mademoiselle*) am gon a step beyond Admiration it self, in knowing you. I dare make no stay here, for feare of being tempted to longer stay; nor visit any, for feare of Ingaging my self in too many Visits, the abstinance from things being far easier than the Temperance of them; wherfore to morrow I depart for *Lions*, and so forwards on my Journy towards *Italy*. Of the progresse of my Voyage I shall not fail to advertise you from place to place, since you do me the honour to permit me, and esteem me fit.

Timr, &c.

Postscript.

My most humble Baisemains I beseech you
to the Lady Marguette your noble Mother, to
Madamiselle d'Arfshot when you see her,
and all the rest.

VIII.

To the same from Marseilles, Anno 44,

The Description of the place.

Madamiselle

By my last from Paris I had the honour to
write unto you. Now this is (if you please)
to let you understand, that the next day I de-
parted thence with the Messenger for Lyons,
from thence down the Rhone by water to Aix
en Provence, and from thence by Horse to Mar-
seilles all my journey through France being
only a four days or pleasure journey in ex-
cellent company with Wines that would tempt
a Nazareth, and Flesh and soul that would
deboish a Minime. For Marseilles is one
of the delightfullst places as yet I ever saw,
situated in a corner of the Mediterranean sea,
at equal distance betwixt Spain and Italy, en-
joying in a more temperate climat than either,

In the commoner of both. The Sea-breeze
is broken by the force of the opposite winds,
before it arrives unto the walls, howe ever,
leaving all its glories behind, as it passes
any River. When by an Inlet entered the
Port it becomes as calm and smooth as any
Lake. The Town on the sea-side of it has
two wife, (with one house elevated above the
other) seeming situated ad purpose to behold
the pleasant spectacle of the Port (some two
miles about in Oval form) where ride all the
French Galleys, so evenly ranged, as when a
Beck's like a stand of Pikes seem to charge the
Water, their Prows seem to divide the Land,
and brave the Capes, surrounding all the
port, where towards the Town-side the
dies accompanied with their Gallants with
every Evening some ten or twelve a Briton,
 sollacing themselves with Musick and Conver-
sation til Midnigh; Nor shall you easily find
any where in France handsomer Women, bet-
ter behaved, nor richlier clad, so accostable
and free of Company and Entertainment, as
none (no not strangers themselves) are stran-
gers there to any: so as comparing them with
the *Maritime* Women of other Seas, (for the
most part foul, ugly, and weather-beaten) you
would easily conclude, 'twas only on those
Seas *Venus* was born. For the Town, 'tis ra-
ther well compact, than great, and more com-
modious than magnificent, containing about
some seventeen thousand Houses within the
C 3 walls,

walls, and without (on the adjacent Hills and
Valleys) some two and twenty thousand more:
So as you'd imagine them an Army of Houses
in full front, or the greatest part o' th' Towne
throke out the walls, their incinct not being ca-
pacions enough to contain them all. To these
Bastides, or Houses of Pleasure, in Spring and
Summer time, (which is with them almost all
the year) they retire themselves, and passe
their Time in nothing but Sports and Jollity,
where for more than this fortnight I have past
my Time amongst the rest, in expecting the
commodity of Embarquement for Genoa.
Meantime, Mademoiselle, be you who are Pa-
tronesse of my Voyage, but as propitious to
me by Sea as you by Land have been, and I
shall soon bear my journies end, of which I
can do waies doubt, being as I am,

Mademoiselle,

Tours, Octo.

To

To the same from Genoa, Anno A 5.
IX.

To the same from Genoa, Anno A 5.
IX.
Of his Arrival there.
Mademoiselle,

With good Reason I imagined my Voyage by Sea would prove as fortunate as my journie by Land, having you for Patronesse of either; We having past with favourable Wind, and prosperous Navigation from *Marseille* hither, frighted only a little with Pirats on our way, which necessitated us to put in at *Monaco*, where for some foure or five dayes during my Residence there, the Prince did me the honour to lodge me in his Pallace, being a great *Virtuso*, and not only a great Lover of Musick, but an excellent Musician. He is really a Prince very noble and generous, deserving a far greater Principality, it being only a Rock or Promontory into the Sea, some mile about, o'tlook'd by Horrow Cliffs, hanging like Clouds or Tempests in the air, threatening each moment to fall upon their heads. It has a pretty Port, capable of somt twenty Ships and Galleys, which is his chiefest Revenue, every Ship paying some 3 Crowns for Anchorage; yet is his Pallace magnificently builte, & Italian, and richly and nobly furnish'd. And so much for *Monaco*.

whence I imbarqu'd for *Genoa* in the Princes own *Falque*, all the strand of *Genoa* for more than a hundred mile seeming but one continu'd Town, allowing the interjacent Mountains and Valleys for Gardinage, planted with all sorts of delicious fruit, Oranges and Limmons amongst the rest, in so great abundance, as their flowers perfume the Sea all the way you passe along. Arrived at *Jaffa* by Sr. *Panno* & *Aigne*, the Suburbs of *Genoa*, you would imagine that Architecture had installd there all the varietys of its Art, and given the last proofe of its excellency, it being a Seminarie of Pallaces &c no one placing the world, for its bignesse, being able to shew so many and so stately, thicker towns. From thence passing by the Lanters port into the Town, first thine you admirall (for 'tis Admirable) is its Mole or Wall, setts all along into the Sea to secure the Haven, rampir'd with whole Rocks shrown in his foot thereof, to break the fury of the waves, imbroddling whiche, you would imagine, ther w^t the Giants formerly pull'd Mountains on Mountaines to scale the Heavens & to these shrownes upon another, no penetrateth the Abyss. Next prospect that takes your eyes, is that of the Palace of the Duke *Doria*, fronting the Haven with its Gardens, and Collose antiquities, making a glorioues shore. Whence you passe onward towards the City, situated on a high ground, well built of white Stone, and farre more without, than in doth with in,

in, by reason of the narrownesse of the streets
 Here I no sooner axyd, and had ta'n up mine
 Inn, but the Marquis *Philippe Palavieina*
 sente me straight away from thence, and
 lodg'd me in his Pallace, I easily imagining
 upon whose account it was, when that Night
 at Supper the Marquesse his Mother drank a
 health to all the *Flandres* Ladies, as he him-
 self did afterwards, in a solemn Entertainment
 he made for me aboard one of the States ships
 in the Harbour, together with divers other
 noble *Graziers*, where whilst he drank your
 health, Ecco reported to Land & Sea, the Fame
 of the *Flandres* Ladies, and the Canoa unto
 the skies; 'twere infinite to tell you all my
 Entertainment here, all (Ladies) to expresse
 his Gratitude unto you, as I in Gratitude to
 him am obligid to let you know. One thing I
 observd here, that whilst they glory in being
 a free Estate, evgato have Liberties written on
 the Arms of the Commonwealth, the Nobilit
 ty notwithstanding abusg the Common people
 at pleasure, they having only the Liberty
 to hang themselves, if they please, for other Li-
 berty they have none. Whence I see 'tis but a
 mere cheate his *Populæ Liberty*, the Inchant-
 ment of the vulgar, and Gangad they pro-
 mise Children, to make them good Boyes; yet
 't has been, and ever will be the madnesse of
 the Common people to goe in quest of it, as
Don Quixote did of his *Dulcinea*, or *Sancho*
Pansa of his imaginarie Island or Government,
 which.

which, just like your floating Islands, slips away from you, when you think to set foot on it, and so eludes your imaginary possession, which those who govern them well understanding, they alwaies delude them with that specious name, when in reality there is no such thing at all, the true liberty of the people only consisting in being well commanded, and the Magistrates in being well obeyed: From whence results the perfect Harmony of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, which then is disaccorded, when the one deflects to Tyranny, and the other to Riot and Licentiousnesse, the one abusively call'd Absolute Domination, and the other Liberty: From whence finally results those two Extreme mischiefs of all Estates, by *Fronte* wisely observ'd to be equally dangerous, where all things are lawfull, or where nothing is. But enough of this discourse: and to conclude with *Genoa*, their Churches here are most of them richly gilt, Marble being their vildest material, their Musick very good, but that of their Comedys excellent. I arrving here just at the overture of their Theater. By my next, Madamoiselle, I shall have the honor to write unto you from *Rome*; towards which to morrow is going,

Madamoiselle,

and such a Capital city of all that land
as is in Europe is **X** hundred miles
To the same from Rome, Anno 43.

*Of his Arival there, and the Overture
of some Affairs.*

Mademoiselle,

BY my last from *Gexos* you understood of
my Arival there. Now this (if you please)
is to let you understand, how from thence by
Lucca, Pisa, Florence, Siena, &c. finally I am
arived here at *Rome*, admiring nothing so much
in all my voyage, than that from *Bruxelles*
hither, having made the *Tour of Cities*, 't has
cost me only two and twenty *Pistoles*. Next
day after my Arival here, I visited the Duke
and Dutchesse of *Bouillon*, who live here ve-
ry privately since the last Popes death, with the
fall of the *Barbarins*, they falling likewise in
Credit and Authority: so they being no frends
of her Highnesse, (as you know) no matter how
great Enemies they are. One pretty mistake
I ran into at unawares, treating him with *Ex-
cellence*, (as formerly I was wont to do) when
he pretends (as since I have understood) to be
treated with *Altezza*, which I am glad of (who
otherwise should be sorry to err in so main a
point of Civility, in giving an Ace too little,
rather than an Ace too much) since he treats
her *Altezza* with nothing but *Excellence*. I
have

have been also to visit the Marquis *Rene Bentivoglio*, who retains still a grateful memory of the Courtesy he recey'd in Flanders of particulars, though as to the general he is so little Frend, as I'm inform'd he is taking conditions under *France*. The Marquis *Marthei* I saw too, there being a solemn Justing or Running at Ring and Sarazen this week at the Cardinal *d' Este* (where all the great Ladies of *Rome* were present) consisting of three Balanz, three *Peytans*, and three *Roman Knights*; of which the Marquis *Marthei* was chief of the *Romans*, and *Bentivoglio* of the *Balanz*, both doing excellent well, adding somewhat of the size of *Flanders* to that of *Italy*, that made them excel the rest. His Highnesse Agent in this Court I have not visited yet; thinking it high time, after I have prepar'd my materials to assemble my Workmen for finishing the Edifice, towards which one main Help I hope to have of Cardinal *Gatiffé*, newly promoted to the Cardinalat. More Mademoiselle by the next: Now give me leave (if you please) to conclude this with my most humble *baisys mains* to her Highnesse your Sister, my Lady *Marq*; your Mother, and with the Assurance that I am ever, & shall be your very Obedient & Affectionate Son, *Yours, G. de la Tremouille*

To
[redacted]

To the same, from Rome, Anno 45.

*Containing an Historical Narration of the
Marriage of the Duchess of Lorain.*

Mademoiselle,

Since those who are to Inform others ought
First to be well informed themselves; you
will please to correct me, if anywhere I have
err'd in this following Narration of her High-
nesse Marriage, wherein, as 'tis my duty, I
have endeavoured to vindicate the Justice of
her Cause, and declare her Innocence.

Henry Duke of Lorain dying without issue
Male, leaving only two Daughters, *Nicole*
and *Claude*. The Count of *Kandemore* (Father
of the present Duke) assum'd the Duche, as
next Heir unto the House (by right of the Law
Salique, as he pretended) in defalace of the
Masculin Line (the Daughters of the last Duke
but weakly reclaiming) when more to strengthen
the title of his House (by connecting the
branches of either Stock together) he propos'd
the Marriage of *Charles* his eldest Son, with
the Princesse *Nicole*, eldest Daughter of the
deceased Duke, with Prosternion in case of
his refusal (well perceiving his unwillingness)
to marry her to the Prince of *Faulxburgh*, and
disinherit him, when he knowing there was no
dallying

dallying with his Father, of stern nature, rendered more violent by opposition, seemingly assented, and so was forc'd to marry her, yet would he no ways bed her, such an Aversion he had from her, til his Father perceiving it, (and knowing he had don nothing until he had don also that) he forc'd him to bed her in his presence, taking witnes of it, as his son did presently after of the force thereof; who though a Religious Prince, was not Religious yet, to that point, to lose a Dukedom for want of bedding a Lady, shortly after his Father dying, he continued still his cohabitation with her, til having assured, as he thought, the possession of the Dutchie, they severed at last, like Bodies never well joyn'd, having no other Issue of their Marriage, but nails and teeth (as one said antiquitely) whē he accounting himself free from all Bonds of Matrimony, (being assur'd so, by many grave Divines, not only of his own, but of others Dominions) after some years sute, & all the precedent formalities of the Church, Maried publickly the Lady *Reatrix de Guise*, Princesse of *Contreux*, one of the considerable Marriages then for noble, rich, and fair (under the degree of absolute Sovereigns) in the Christian world, her House having often allied with that of *Lorraine*, and her Domains when he maried her (at I have often heard) amounting nigh to Thirty thousand pounds a year: In which Mariage [Celebrated by a Bishop in the face of the Publick Church]

Church.] they liv'd soime 7 years happily together (he having fair Issue by her) when a storm was rais'd against them at Rome, by the suscitacion (as was imagined) of his Brother Prince Francis, and the Princesse Nicole, he (having espous'd the second Daughter of Duke Henry, by whom he had numerous Issue) for the Intrest of his Children, and she for emulation, and Revenge on her fair Rival; which proceeded so far at last, as Excommunication was denounc't against them, not to be revok't, till they mutually separating, should submit their cause to the decision of the Court of Rome.

This occasioned many Rumours in the world, some allowing no Divorce at all, but only by Death, (as if the tie of Mariage were like that of the Gordian knot,) others inferring from their long Cohabitation, their validating the Mariage, when all Casuists agree, that no length of Time can render that Mariage or Contract lawfull, which was unlawfull at the first, and that force or *coercione* or *constituta mors*, (as they term it) was one of the principal Anallers of Mariage, nothing being more essential to it than the free consent of the parties. Their long cohabitation then was still but the same force drawn out in length: And for their main objection of all, the Censure of the Church, What should I say? But many a Veritie may be doubtfull, for want of being well explicated and understanded, that Truth has

After long poring in the dark, I begin at last to perceive some light in your Highnesse affairs here, and to find how his Highnesse Agents negotiation here, is more to take off the Excommunication, than to procure a Divorce from the first marriage, or Ratification of the last; and this I came to light of by this occasion: I recommending your Affairs the other day to the *Duchesse Mather*, who can do all here, his Holinesse Governing Rome, *Dame Olympia* him, and the *Dame Olympia*, She most readily undertook it, first for your Highnesse sake, next for her Brother, and lastly perhaps for mine, (I having the ho-

your to wait often upon her,) commanding me to bring my Men, and his business should be dispatch'd. Whereupon I joyfully ran to inform his Highness's Agent of what had past, imagining he would have run as joyfully to embrace the occasion, when contrary to my expectation, I found him nothing mov'd with it all, rather surpriz'd, confus'd and Interdict'd, and so cold (in fine) as concecting delays unto delays, at last he absolutely refus'd to goe; less he had his Highness's warrant first, which excuse appear'd to me frivolous; for if he had order to do the thing, (as now I suspected he had none) what need he further order to do it well? This suspicion shortly after grew up to certitude, when discoursing with Cardinal Caraffa about your Highness's affairs, and recommending to him the Justice of your cause, and expedition of the *Rhine*, He answered me, with the prudence of an *Italian*, and franchise of a *German*, (with whom he was *Nuntius*, when I had the honour to know him first) that I urg'd the expedition of an affair, wherein they should disoblige both the Emperour and the Crown of *France*, without so much as gratifying the Duke himself, who being the main party, sollicited it not at all; Whereupon I wonder'd at mine own blindness all this while, not to have perceiv'd, how whilst the Emperour embrac'd Prince *Francis* Intrest, (who had put himself under his Protection) and the Crown of *France* (for the same Reasons) that

that of the Princess *Nicola*); his *Alliâas* of *Ierain* had his interest too, not to set the Princess *Nicola* at liberty to marry with any other, till she were past estate of bearing children, lest some foreign Prince having issue by her, might claim the Dutebit in their right, to the Exclusion of the issue of his own House, if not of his own Body. This, Madam, I could not but represent to your Highness's consideration, that you might perceive how all the world (not only there but here) is govern'd by Interest and Reason of State, in spight of Justice and Innocence. Meantime, for my part I can only assure your Highness, that I have none, nor ever had other Ambition, than only (Madam) to declare upon all occasions how much I am

To your Highness most humble, O^rC^o

XIL

To Sir J. S. from Rome, Anno 45.

*In answer to his News of the Scots coming
over into England.*

Noble Sir, if it were not an homely compliment, could I wish it better for your sake: since if I be not deceiv'd, (as I shall never be, in thinking too well of a Scotch Presbyterian) they come but

into

into England with their Arms, as *Butlers* doe at *Christmas* with their Cards, to set you a playing, that all the Gains may come to their *Box* at last; for if you remember, they have much to retaliate with the *English*, both for injuries and benefits; of the first sort are our often Inrodes into their Country, and the deadly fewd of the Nations; of the second are our assisting them to change Religion, and Rebelling against their lawfull Prince; Now, if they should have a mind to be quit with us, I know not whether twere not better have them Enemies than Frends. And thus much for your Newes. Now for ours, I'll tell you a pleasant passage hapned here about the Book you sent, in front or title thereof was a *Dove*, with an Olive branch in the mouth, and the word or motto, *Holy Innocence be bleſt*, (which if intended by the *Scots*, might better have been a *Vulture*, with its prey i'th' mouth, and this motto, *Curſt be their Rapine*) which coming in conjuncture with his Holinesse *Innocent the Tenth's* assumption to the *Papacy*, whose Arms are a *Dove*, with an Olive branch in the mouth, 'twas interpreted as a prophecy of him, so ridiculous they are, wherefore pretthy come up to *Rome*, that we may laugh at them, I being in mighty want of one, as *Cicero* says, *Cum quod dicit e rideam*; that may laugh learnedly with me; for these *Italians* here are such wise men at home, and such Fools abroad, as they know nothing out of *Italy*, though they pre-

and to know every thing : And for the place, 'tis a common saying, that to like Rome, one must be either very vertuous or very vicious : if so, I am neither, for I swear I like it not. Good meat there is, delicious wine, and excellent fruit ; but that is the Climats virtue, and none of theirs. Give me good Company, good Natures, & good Mirth, & the Devil of any such thing they have here, all being for their Interest, and conserving their *Individuums*, I never hearing a hearty Laughter since I came, nor seeing a smile but from one end of the mouth to th'other. In a word, when you have seen their Ruins, you have seen all here ; for all their ancient Virtues, like their antient Structures, are fallen to ruine : and for Generositie and Magnificence, it seems to have dyed with the last Pope, for now there's none left alive ; Yet do your Cardinals (I'll say that for them) live like great Princes as to the Exterior, with great trains of Coaches, *Staffieres* and other dependancies ; but examine their Interior, and you'll find, while their Bodies inhabite whole Acres of Palaces, their souls in their straight narrow bosoms are stifted for want of Room. And thus much for the better sort ; for the other, I must confesse they are the civillest, and farthest from Quarrel in the world, (thanks to their cowardise) so as saying but *con lisenza*, you may pluck them by the Noses, tread upon their Soes, or do any thing but touch their money or their Wives, and they'll tell ye, *Vostre Signorie*

istorie e patroso. In fine, with the old you shall hear nothing but *quatrains* in their mouths, and with the young *Fatoum*, yet with all these Vices, if you'll believe them, there ar no where in the world more *Virtuoso's* than here; for if an *Ape* do but his tricks well, or an *A's* leap thorough a Hoop, they call him a *Virtuoso* strait. But you'll say this is an odd way to invite you hither; wherefore I'll take an other way, and tell you there is no Town nor Country in the World better Govern'd than this, nor where there's more variety to satisfie the Curious, where one of your Religion lives more free, nor one of your knowledge better improves himself, (their very streets being as learned and full of Erudition, as others Histories) Every wall is a Monument, and the stones of more than a thousand years standing, stand up in testimony of their Religion, of the Truth of which, though there were no other Argument, yet were enough to convince any Rational man, that it must needs be that Church and Religion our blessed Saviour promis'd perpetuity unto, since in so great corruption of manners it stands still, and falls not to the ground, while so many others, who pretend to more virtue and morality of life, are wholly perisht and decay'd.

Farwell, and prithy come up (I say agen), that we may laugh, for I have great need of it.

Tant, &c.

XIV.

To the Lord Marquis Camillo Bagni,
from Rome, Anno 45.

Declaring unto him the nobleness of N.

My Lord,

Since you did me the honour to make me of
your Confidence at Bruxelles, 'tis but Justice
I make you my Confidant from hence, and dis-
cover to ye a noble piece of bravery of the Ad-
mirable person we both Admire so much, yet
can never Admire enough.

Know then, that I lately receiv'd from Mad.
de. B. a Letter of Exchange, in so obliging
terms as none but her own words can expresse
them, and therefore *verbatim* I send them here.

"Sir, I esteem more this occasion than to
"have found a Treasure, as in effect 'tis one
"for to oblige ones Frends. You may give this
"inclosed to Monsieur d' Armsencourt, who
"will make no difficulty to deliver you the sum
"therein exprest, neither does he know where-
"fore 'tis, but may imagine I owe it you. I let
"you understand this, because I know every
"one is not willing to have these things
"known. In fine, I deal with you, as I
"would another shold doe by me, if I were in
"your place.

Words so nobly obliging, and so worthy
of

of Eternal memory, as if ever any thing I write may last, 'twill be for having inserted them in my Writings, every word that proceeds from her, being a certain charm against forgetfulness ; But I forget in the mean time to tell you how I have seen the Marquise your Sister here, who complains of your forgetfulness of her ; whence it seems that charm has rather a particular than a general influence. Pray oblige me to let you hear from you by the next, and esteem me ever, as really I am, for

Your Lordships most bumble, &c.

XV.

To Count Salazar, from Rome
Anno 46.

*On the taking Piombino and Porta
Longona.*

My Lord,

I Congratulate (with all my heart) your new Accession of honours, and wish that *Goulden Key* you have lately received in *mercede* from his *Catholique Majesty*, may but serve to open you the door to many and greater, &c. The taking of *Piombino* and *Porta Longona* hath occasioned many rumours here amongst the *Italians*, to the disadvantage of his *Majesty of Spain*.

Spain, to stop the mouths of whom, in imitation of Boccalino (a way much taking here) I have made and published this following.

Lusus Hispanie, & Gallo.

A Spaniard and Frenchman playing in Italy, the Spaniard played negligently, as one who had much to lose, and was too confident perhaps he could never lose it all; whilst the Frenchman like a cunning Gamester, knowing all the slights and advantages of play, had suddenly won of the Spaniard Piombino, and Porta Longona, he esteeming the one no more than a leaden token, and the other but only as a nest of Rocks, for a few ships to harbour in: But the Italian standing by, who had learnt (of the Jews perhaps) to estimate things on another manner (In *detaillé*, not in *grosse*, as did the Spaniard) thought it a mighty matter, and wondred at the others negligence, as you might perceive by the often casting up his eyes, lifting up his hands, shrugging his Shoulders, and crying out Capricever and anon, inclining toward the French party by degrees, in wishing him good luck, (as your *Rooks* do always to those who win) and seeming much to rejoice in his good fortune; but seeing no *Berazz* coming in, as when the Spaniard won, his joy began to cool, and he was a Jucke out of countenance, when that

which put him quite out, was this Reproach made to him by the Spaniard.

Thoa silly penurious *Italian*, that begin-
ning with Quatrons, counts a *Juli*; thy bloud,
a Teston thy Livelihood, and a Crown thy
soul, with a heart and Best narrow as thy
country, that accoun'st *Massa* and *Moraco* two
mighty principalities, & them Soveraign Prin-
ces, the one for being Lord and Master of some
mile of Rock, with a *Portmo* bigger than a duc-
king Pond, and tother for having dominion of
a Plain twenty Farmers in *Flandres* have big-
ger fields to feed their Oxen on; and for his
marble of *Carrara*, it only shews how hard a
Country *Italy* is, and how hardly you live in it,
when stones are the chiefeſt revenue of a ſove-
raign Prince. Thou thinkſt me now quit undon
(I warrant thee) for loſing two pettys places,
they afford no Place in the mapp of the world
too, allowing no more to your *Italy* it ſelſt than
a Fly ſwing can cover,whilſt I am Lord of Ter-
ritoryſ wearies the Sun to travel over, nor
can he ſooner end his journey on them in the
West, but he begins it on them in the East
agen. Get the a greater Book for shame, and
leave thy *Hornbook* of *Italy*,if thou wouldſt not
be alwayes eſteemed a Baby in the world,when
thou wilt know this is nothing, and know thou
know'ſt nothing too. Mean time, I would thou
hadſt felt the heaviness of the *French* yoke thou
wouldſt ſo fain bring on thy neck, that thou
mighſt find by Experience how light that of

the Spaniard is, which tho' w'dst so fain shake off ; so he, when the Italian left off his insulting, and the Spaniard continued playing till he had won all agen.

As 'tis the wish and prophecie of
My Lord,

Your, &c.

XVI.

*To the Princeffe of Hoghzollern, from
Rome, Anno 47.*

*Of his Irksom life at ROME, and hope he had
to revisit FLANDRES.*

Madam,

May I not live, if I breath the Air of Rome but only to sigh after that of Flanders, I living here me thinks (wanting that Company I had there) just like Adam out of Paradise, among Beasts, having lost the blessed conversation of Angels ; for what comfort's in a Heaven, where one never sees the Stars ? I mean those living Starrs I saw in the Heaven of Bruxelles, without whom me thinks the Sun at Noon-day is but Cimmerian darknesse, for 'tis not the Eyes, but the Mind is cheared with light. Whence 'tis that I converse more with the dead than living here, (their antient Starrs and Pictures I mean,) and find them

them far i the better company of the two.
 And if for those few months of your Excel-
 lencies absence in *Holland* I liv'd so melan-
 choly a life, my Lute being silenc't, and I ne-
 ver appearing in *Park* but like a walking ghost,
 or a body without a soul; Imagine Madam
 now how melancholly a Creature I am,
 and how I pine away, so far from you, and
 so long absent. One thing comforts me,
 that by all Prognostickes both there and
 here, I conjecture my Absence now can-
 not be long from thence; Wbep but con-
 serve for me (Madam) your good Graces,
 and I shall be more happy than before, the
 more of unhappinesse I have experienc'd
 since; None knowing better the benefit of
 health, than those who have been sick; nor
 relishing prosperity better than those who
 have tasted adversity before, as has in being
 depriyed of your sight,

Madam,

Yours, &c.

XVII.

To the Count Salazar, from Geno^z,

Anno 48.

Of the Reduction of NAPLES, and some
passages concerning it.

My Lord,

Of the Reduction of Naples, I gave you advertisement by my last from Rome, from whence I departed just upon the advice there, Embarquing in the Popes Galley's at Civita Vecchia, together with the Marquisses Jean Rappista, and Felice Mario, with the Marquise Spinelli, recommended particularly to them by the Marquesse de Buffalo, and treated by them with all noble courtesie: Our Navigation being so speedy, and prosperous, as in lesse than three days we arrived at Genoa; on the way we met with the Duke of Turf^s comming from Naples, who confirmed all I writ unto you, as did likewise your Ambassador Signior Roncilio at Genoa, we conferring Letters together, and he making solemn bonfires for the news; yet do the French report the contrary, the best Architectures in the world of false rumours, when it makes for their advantage, as does this, they knowing how 'tis only the first reports of ill news, that dismays, astonishes, and disanimates, which

which if you can divert and damp a while, people are nothing near so struck and startled with it afterward ; which false rumours I tracted from the very Fountain, finding them on the Friday after the day before the General Postday ; impoysoning with it all the publique places of *Rome*, from whence news is derived, and flowes abroad in the World.

The Copy of that Letter Count de Ogniant thought fit to make use of, to injalouse the Neapolitans, upon the arrival of the Duke Guise, as written from France intercepted and interpreted, is this.

"Behold the best sport in the world for us, "our Enemies fighting against our Enemies; to "prevail our selves of this occasion, you must "be sure to keep the parties so equally ballan- "ced, one mayn't destroy tother, but with its "own destruction; wherefore if you find the "Neapolitan too weak, you may strengthen "them with small succours; if too strong, you "may weaken them, with drawing them out "in small factions, ever keeping your main de- "sign secret, till they be both so weakned, you "may easily make an absolute conquest of ei- "ther; Let the Duke of *Guise* then be precau- "tioned by the Duke of *Alans* ill successe at "Antwerp, In discovering his designs too "soon, and allaruming them by it, to unite "forces as against a common Enemy; whence "I wonder why he proclaims so loud his de- "scendency from the house of *Anjou*; enough "to

" to waken their jealousies ; that he intends
 " to set on foot the Title of that house again ;
 " pray let him be advised of it. More Instru-
 " ctions you need not ; all being compriz'd in
 " this only, that you look upon the *Noapoli-*
 " *sans* as wild beasts, that may be *subdued*, but
 " never *tamed*.

This published amongst them work'd such effect, as out of this Letter they sinisterly interpreted all the Duke of Guizes Actions, every thing he did, stumbling them afterwards, just like French Posthorses, who stumbling once, never leave running headlong till they be down. Thus you see (My Lord) how little things sometimes (which History never mentions) conser mainly to the performance of greater ones ; and the smallest occasions as binges sometimes serve to turn the world ; No more; but my most humble service, and best respects to your self, your Noble Lady, and Monsieur Recourt, &c. being

Your Lordships most, &c.

The

XVIII

To the Lord Thomas Somerset from
Marsailles, Anno 47.

Of his voyage and return out of ASIA.

My Lord,

I Have travail'd farther than ever *Ulysses* did, since I left *Italy*, and had the honour to see you last; yet write *Odysses* of my travails he that list, for I have nothing of rare or particular to write, but what has been heard of a hundred times before: For that little then I have seen of *Asia*, the Isles of the *Archipelago*, the *Dardanelles*, *Pontus Euxine*, and the *Helespont*, &c. consult *Sands*, and others travails (if you please) where you shall find them accurately and at large set down; for me, Ile only say of *Constantinople*, that for an Imperial seat, 'tis one of the noblest Cities I ever saw, situated on two Seas with its two feet *Colossean* like, treading on *Asia* and *Euroope*, nor did I ever see truer bravery, or greater gallantry than there, every one wearing such various coloured silks, with swelling Turbans, and flowing garments, as their streets appear just like *Twissipp* Gardens, whilst ours (with so many's wearing black) appear just like *mortuary* houses, all mourning for the dead: Here finding no commodity of voya-

ging farther Levant, the Seas being all obstructed by reason of the Venetian warrs, after some two or three weekes residence, I returned again in a French Bottom, and am at last arrived at Marseilles, where I am now on point of Embarking for Spain on an English Vessel having only Time from my necessary preparatives, to assure you my Lord, that as there is none I am more obliged to than your selfe, so there is none who can with greater verity say that he is,

My Lord
year, &c.

XIX.

To the Lord Charls Dudley, Prince of
the Empire, &c. from Lisbon, Anno
48.

Of his Sea voyage from PROVENCE to POR-
TUGAL.

My Lord,

If he that's at charges of setting forth the ship has right to the voyage it makes, Certainly your Lordship has right to the relation of all the passages of my voyage, who was at charges of setting forth the Passenger. You may please to understand then, that the same day

day I parted from you at *Marseilles*, I met
at *Toulon* with the Captain of our Ship, with
whom I went to *Eres*, where our Ship lay at
Anchor; Nor am I so great a contemner of
Vanite, but I confess I took a little, to find
Fame, like a *Harbinger* flown thither before
me to take up my Lodgings; whilst all the
Town was taken up for Lodgements of Sol-
diers, the *Dean o'th' chief Church* meeting
me, and knowing me by the fame he had
heard of me at *Marseilles*, courteously offe-
ring me Lodging in his house; The next day
the wind turning fair, we imbarqu'd, and mer-
rily sayl'd along the Coast of *Prouence*, find-
ing the Gulph of *Lyons*, so furious to others,
as gentle as a *Lamb* to us; yet had we so fresh
a gale of wind, as in 4 or 5 dayes sayl we had
left the coast of *France*, *Catalonia*, and *Valen-
tia* behind, and were now where the Mediter-
ranean (like a wide Vessel with a narrow neck)
began to streighten a little, betwixt *Minorca* &
Murcia, when one Evening tacking once or
twice about to hale up the beck or *spur* of a
Galley, driving on the waves (the relicts of some
wrack perhaps) we might perceive two great
ships chasing us, when we needing no more
spurs, clapt on all the *Canvas* we could make,
and fled away so fast before them, as our chas-
ers perceiving they followed us in vain, gave
o'r their chase about the shutting in of the
Evening, and fell to Seaward of us; when full
glad and joyful were we, but 'twas but a short
ay

Joy and Gladnesse; for the next morning by break of day two Turkish Galleys from a nest of Rocks (where they ordinarily sculk, called the Collybre on the Spanish coast) made towards us amain, neither could our best defence of flight avail us now, the Sea all becalm'd, and winds breathlesse (as we were our selves for fear, our ship though call'd the Hercules being of small defence, since *ne Hercules contradicunt*, what is Hercules against two?) whilst those Caterpillars the Galleys on their Oares, as on so many feet, made towards us amain; at which we looking about us, (as People in danger do, who would be glad to run away) might espy a far off those two ships had given us the chase o'r night, which comforting us not a little, we gave them a warning-piece (at all adventures) to advertise them of our danger; when presently we might behold them tack abour, and make up towards us, which the Turks and we joynly perceiving, we suddenly chang'd minds (Fear departing from us to them, and Courage from them to us) and they of *chasers*, now becom our *chase*, whilst we encompassing them with our three Ships, as *Hunters* with their *Tails* doe wild Beasts; or so many *Greyhounds* would a *Hare*, gave them a turn or two, now from the *Spanish* Shore towards *Barbary*, and now back agen, till at last they escap'd away before us, on the strength of their Oars, whilst our flagging sayls seem'd to chide and murmur at the winds deserting them.

This danger past, we hal'd out our Boat; and went aboard the other ships, to thank them for their timely Aid, whom we found to be two Holland men of warre (the *Tergoose*, and the *Lewarder*.) part of a Squadron whose Admiral was in *Portugal*, sent out with expresse Commission to scour the Seas of *Turks* and *Pirates*, with the Vice Admiral of whom I presently making Acquaintance, he easily invited me along with him to *Lisbon*, (I being not secure in the other Ship where I was,) so altering my course from *Spain* to *Portugal*, and changing ships, I began a new Voyage on Sea, without ever going to Land. Thence we sail'd along the *Spanish* coast from *Cape to Cape*, escaping a little danger nigh *Capo de Pales* of driving on Land) our Cable sheering whilst we lay at Anchor there, to make provision of fiering in a Juniper wood nigh *Carthagene*) the King of *Spain* being not more absolute Lord on Land, than we were on his Seas, haling all ships in keen of us, every one contributing somewhat to us of Sea provisions, til at last drawing nigh the *Streights*, the shore now on both sides affording us a delightfull prospect, betwixt the steep Rocks of *Gibraltar* on the *Spanish* coast, and the Embattaile walls of *Zeuta*, situated on the high Mountains on the *Barbary* shore; in less than 5 or 6 hours we pass'd all the streits, and out of the *Mediterranean* Sea past into the *Grand Ocean*, when steering our course directly towards *Portugal*, within som two days after we

arived at *Cascais* in the mouth of *Lisbon* Road, where I landed some 5 or 6 weeks after my depart from *Provence*, and took leave of my *Hollander*, who had treated me most courteously and nobly all the way ; neither did I ever meet with any of that Nation more a Gentleman than he.

Of his Arrival to LISBON.

And now behold me (my Lord) safely arived in *Portugal* at *Cascais*, some twelve *English* miles from *Lisbon*, where the *Governour* (besides the ordinary vice of that Nation, the foolisher the wiser they pretend to be) would needs play the *States-men*, and be wiser than the *Truth*, in suspecting me for some *Spy*, or else come thither upon some great design, and so presently he sent me to *Lisbon* with a *Souldier* along with me, with express order not to leave me till he had deliverd me to the *Secretary of State*, who being altogether as great a *Politician* as my *Gouverneur*, made great difficulty of my stay in the Country, till spying my *Lute*, the suspition I was a *Musician*, as *clavis clavem pellit*, soon drove out of his head the suspition that I was a *Spy* : so lodging me by way of Caution in an *English* Gentlemans house, a great Confidant of the King, till he might inform his Majestie of me (who being an excellent *Musician*, was covetous of knowing all Strangers of that profession) He no sooner understood of my arival,

but

but he sent for me to Court, and was so well satisfied with me, as continuing my Lodgings in Mr. John Muley's the same English Gentleman's house, than which the whole Town afforded not more noble accommodation, The next day he sent for me again, where after some two or three hours tryal of my skill, (especially in the compositive part of Musick, in which his Majesty chiefly exceeded) I past *Courte* Doctor; though *Don Emanuel Ss.*, Grand Chamberlain to the King, swore 'twas rather a tryal for a Doctor in an *Universitie*, than a Gentleman in the *Court*. After this, his Majestie was pleased to assign me a certain *Cavallier* of th' Order, to whom I was to addresse my self for Audience and accesse to his person as often as I pleas'd. Meantime, *Regis ad exemplum*, I was lookt upon with particular regard by all, passing most of my time in Mr. Muley's Kinta, or Garden house some three or four English mile from *Lisbon*, whose Amenity I cannot better set before your Eyes, than in this following Copy of Verses.

*Where in a Vale near Tagus Golden side,
Through all the World renowned far and wide,*

*Though now for Silver waters fam'd more
Than e'er it was for Golden sands before;
Circled with fruitfull Olives, Vines, and
Corn,*

As Pallas, Cetes, Bacchus, there were born;

A Kinta stands so situated t'has
 Resor: unto o't of every Rurall Grace,
 (And Rurall Graces are in Summer far
 Jollier than those of Towns in Winter ar)
 Whose fairest Garden's planted round with-
 all

Those Trees wee fruitfull and deliciouſ
 call,

As Orange, Lymon, Apricock and Peach,
 (Whose ruder ſides do Nymphs their bluſhing
 reaſh)

Silk animating Mulberies, ſpreading wide,
 Pomegranads, Figs, and hundred more beside,
 Under whose leaves the Sun-shine all the day
 Delights with dancing beams to ſport and
 play,

Whilſt to its walks each cooling wind doſ come,
 To ſwage the Calenture o'th' burning Sun.
 Here, whilſt I often uſ'd to make reſort,
 To quicken the dull pleaſures of the Court,
 One day my Muſe (that ne'r in any place
 More preſent to me, nor propitious was,)
 Appear'd to me in all her beſt array,
 And th'ſt to th' Kinta's Glory bid me ſay,
 How all the Gardens of th' Hesperides,
 Semiramis penſil' ones, Alcinous'ces,
 Lucullus's, nor Seneca's to boor,
 Campar'd but unto this, were nothing too'r.

XX.

To Doctor Hart at Rome, from Lissbon, Anno 48.

Concerning some reports of him at ROME.

Dear Doctor,

Here are some places, as some persons, better agreeing with our Genius and disposition than others ; and if ever there were any that agreed not with mine, 'twas Rome, where one cannot stand without supplanting, speak without Caution, nor live without extreme Industry, all is Insidiousness, all shoving and shouldring, and all soliciting, making businesse of every thing, and then following close that businesse ; which considered, 'tis no wonder I never agreed with it, nor it with me : Nor need I goe so far as the stars with the Astronomer to find the cause of it ; for when good fortune falls, I cannot crowd and slayce to catch it : I had rather be silent than be solicitous what to say, nor am I busie body enough to have a head fit for businesse, and for Industry 'tis not in my Nature, nor I can no more change my disposition of mind, than my lineaments of body. This I say, to let you know, that as I liv'd, so I came a discontented person from Rome, which I declare on every occasion,

so 'tis true (what is reported of me) that dis-
coursing one day here with his Majesty of
Portugal, and he demanding of me how Arts
flourish'd at *Rome*, I (betwixt malicious and
merry) answered , that as those Arts his Ma-
jesty favour'd *Regis ad exemplum*, were the
study of the *Portugal* Courtier , so all at *Rome*
studied the Popes Arts , which was *Holding up*
of money , and nothing else . And though I
wonder how his *Holynesse* came to understand
this, there being scarce four persons in the Ca-
binet beside the King and I when 'twas spoke ,
yet I am glad he did , it being necessary Prin-
ces should know, that their better lives live by
the breath of Strangers , and their Fames can
no more fly out of their own Territories and
Dominions without obliging them, then they
can voyage by Sea , or travail by Land, with-
out some *Vehicule* to transport them , their
own Subjects being but as their own leggs ,
whilst strangers as those *hips* and *mentures*
which easiest and best can do it . And thus
much for that , for the rest dear Doctor hold
me always

Yours, &c.

To the Countesse of Berlamont, Anno
48.

where he merrily describes his life at LIS-
BON.

Madam, &c.

I Am not yet so heavenly minded, to count
all the world a Prison, but I no longer ad-
mire those that doe, since really, I count my
self as absolutely in Prison here, in not being
able to goe out of this Kingdom, for Flanders,
as ever any did in a common Gaol; for 'tis not
the bignesse of the place, but the restraint that
makes the prison, so they are as much Priso-
ners who are in the *Bois de Vincent*, as
those who are in the *Dungeon*. To de-
scribe unto you my prison, and my company
in't (that you may pity me) I am here in
Lisbon, a City of but 9 or 10 mile about, all
built upon Hills and Dales, rising just like the
great Billows of the *Ocean* (when you are in
the bottom, and wonder at the vastnesse of
one, passing that, you find another as vast to
wonder at) there I have a Garden no bigger
than your Park at *Brussels* (to walk in, and
take the air) where ther's all sorts of fruit the
East or West Indies can afford, or the Nor-
thern or Southern climste of the world produ-

ces, Figs that make beccoficosof men, and Meloons both red and green , beyond their Marmalads for meltingnesse ; but alas ! what are these unto your Pompions ? Now for my Company I have none but such, one would be ashamed to keep company withall ; The King here a man of no estate, but only besides the Kingdom of *Portugal* and the *Algarves* in *Europe*, Lord of two or three Kingdoms in *Affrique*, of the Western Islands, the *Maderas*, the Isles of *Capo Verde*, *St. Thoma*, the Empire of *Goa* in the East Indies, and of *Braſilia* in the West, alone bigger than all *Europe* together, poor things God wot, that with good Husbanding might only yeeld about 9 or 10 millions every year.

Now to describe unto you his person, and the *Queens* : the King is an honest plain man, changing nothing of the *Duke of Braganza* by being King of *Portugal* ; faring as homely as any *Farmer*, and going as meanly clad as any *Citizen*, neither did he ever make use of any of the Crown Wardrobe, since he came unto the Crown ; his ordinary Exercise is *Hunting*, and *Musick*, never omitting the first every Monday, nor the second every day after dinner, for any businesse. But for the Queen, she has more of the Majestick in her, and if she be not King, her Ambition 'twas that made the King ; She has a goodly presence, a stately *Gaze*, and uses the *Trowel* in painting, with better reason than other Ladies do the *Pencil*, having

having an *Epilepsie* makes one side of her face redder than the other (like the funny side of fruit) did not her painting make both sides red alike. For Prince *Theodosio* her eldest Son, he is a Pr. of great expectation, learned, and of great wit and courage, of person tall and slender, about some 18 years of age. And this is all Madam I can say of their Persons, as all I desire should be said of mine, is, that I am

Madam

Tour &c.

XXII

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, from
Lisbon, Anno 45.

Mademoiselle,

You will wonder, that having seen the Court of the world, in *Paris*, *Rome*, and *Constantinople*; the City of it, in *Venice*, *Genoa*, and *Lisbon*; the Garden, in *Provence*, *Andaluzia*, and *Italy*; and the Paradise of it where you are, that I should now go see the *Desart* and *Wilderneſſe* of it in *Afrique* and *America*, the one (all the Coast along) nothing but barren sand, and the other where I am going (the *Brasils*) all overgrown with woods and Trees; And that too in midſt of ſo great deſire to return for *Flanders*, as never any thing

was

was more ardently desired ; but when you hear my reasons for it, you will absolve me, Mademoiselle, I'me sure of Legerity or change of resolution.

Be pleased to know then, that just upon point of my Embarquement for *Flanders*, understanding of the losse of the Battail of *Lens*, I thought it no ways fit to render the joy I hop'd to conceive at sight of my friends in *Flanders* abortive by their general sadness there ; Wherefore casting about for some diversion for a year or so , till your losses might be recovered or forgot, there opportunely offered it self unto me , the voyage of *Brazil* , which having propos'd unto the King (without whose permission no stranger can undertake that Voyage) his Majesty not only gave me permission , but 200 Crowns *sizas de costa* for my voyage , when a hundred other considerations began to encourage me to the undertaking it (besides the ardent thirst I had of voyaging , which nothing but the whole *oceau* could quench) first having seen so many rarities of the *Brasils* in *Portugal* ; I thought it worthy my voyage thither to fetch you some of them. 2ly. According to the antient expiation of fire and and water, I thought it fit to passe whole Oceans, and the Torrid zone , before I approacht unto yout presence. 3ly. Having somewhat in me of the Philosopher
and

and Astrologer , I imagined it richly worth my journey , to see the stars of the other pole , and nature of the other Hemisphere . And lastly my desire of seeing all the world is so insatiate (whether the more one sees of it , the less he is satisfied , or that it satisfies so much , as one has still a desire of seeing more) as just like another Alexander , not thinking one world sufficient , I am seeking another toth ; Mean time (Madamoiselle) your goodnesse will pardon this presumption of mine (who ought not to stir out of one Room into another without your permission) that I dare presume to goe out of one world into another without your Licence , being as I am

Madamoiselle,
Yours, &c.

XXIII.

To the same. Anno 48.

Of his Sea Voyage from Lisbon to the
BRASILS.

Some week after we set sail at Lisbon , we arriv'd at the Madera's (one of the Afrique Islands) where landing at Funchal (the chief City , or Bishop's seat) we were kindly entertain'd by the Merchants there , contending in

Hospita-

Hospitalitie who should first lodge and entertain us, (as the manner is, where provisions are plenty, and Strangers rare) here we staid some 4 or 5 dayes feasted and regaled every day, and presented at our departure with the rarities of the Isle, they making the best *confectures* in the world, both for dry and wet, Sugar growing there in great abundance, and their Wines surpassing for Generous all that ever I tasted yet: when prosecuting our voyage, after a few dayes sayl we had a sight of the Canaries or Fortunate Islands, where under the pick of Teneriff we lay some dayes, becalmed, it being one of the highest mountains in the world, all green unto the Top, and of so equal an Ascent, that those of Babel might have innocently built their Tower there, secure from Deluge, and did it extend it self a little higher, one could not imagine a more pleasant nor easier passage unto Heaven. From thence we sayd along the coast of Affrique, towards the Islands of Capo verde, which we past without touching at them, the Air being generally held unwholesome, but at that Season Infectious; after which, steering our course Westward towards the Brasils, and once past all commerce the land has with the Sea, of common air, and repercussion of waves, &c. we had the pleasantest Voyage as could be imagined, no storme, the Winds (which surely on those Seas blow all from Land) hardly having breath enough (for the long Voyage they had made) to

to fill our sayls, and the air so pure, as in comparison with the pleasure of it there, it seemes as *paine* to breath on Land, where the air is stuffing, suffocating, and noisom, tainted as it passes with Ordures and Filth, (there being few Countryes like *Arabia*, affording more sweets than stenches) whereas that of the Sea comes purely (as it were) drayn'd and purified by the Sun-beams, as it passes to the fence. Then for other pleasures, you have none on *Land*, but we had some at Sea to equal it; and to begin with the most incredible, Hawking and Hunting, (besides Fishing) we had perpetually for more than a moneth together. Our ship being all incompaſt with *Dorado's* or shining Fishes (somewhat like *Dolphins*) hunting the Flying Fishes, which you might see on Top of the water, fluttering to escape, and the *Dorado's* bounding to overtake them, till being hard pursued, and so near prest, as they were in danger to be ta'n, the poor flying Fish would get on wing, and flying one danger, incurre another; for a flight of Sea fowl (call'd *Booby's* by the *English*) followed us all the way hovering in the air, in expectance of their prey, seeing the flying fish on wing, would stoop at them, and each one singling out one, fyfe them to a mark. Then for Fishing, our Mariners had but only to choose out their *Dorados* (as a good Woodman would a Dear) and strike him straight with his *Fisgigg* (or Dart with

with many barbed heads) never failing of their
 Cast, and this furnished us with fresh Fish all the
 time, it being excellent meat, short and
 crisp like our *Salmons*, and much like them in
 bignesse; which being ta'n, strange it was to
 behold the curious colours of its scales, fading
 by degrees, as death won on life, (just as the
 skies colour does when night comes on) till
 quite dead it became all black, with good rea-
 son, it putting on mourning for its death,
 whose life had cloath'd it in such rich and glit-
 tering colour. An other sort of Fish we took
 call'd the *Shark* or *Tuberon*, black and great
 as a *Porpoise*, with terrible long Teeth, huge
 wide jaws, and so ravenous; as at a hit twould
 snatch a *Legg* or *Arm* away of any it found
 swimming in the Sea; these have certaine
 little Fishes called the *Pilot Fish*, cleaving
 to them so fast by a *Fynn o'ch'* top of the
 head, you can hardly separate them by any
 force: they have great heads, some span
 long of body, and are excellent meat. Nor
 wanted we the pleasure of Gardens too at Sea,
 the Ocean (for many hundred miles from
 Land, and many miles together) being all
 cover'd over with a certain *Green*, so thick
 as the Ship could hardly make way tho-
 rough it, with many *Gridilane* Flowers be-
 sides like our *Crocus's*, rendring it a vast
 most delightfull spectacle. Then for o-
 ther prospect, do but behold the rising
 and setting Sun, and you should see a
 hun-

hundred several forms and figures, like your
 scenes in Masques and playes, with lights be-
 hind them, reflecting them to the Eye, and
 betwixt light and shadow, setting them off
 more resplendently to the view. For other
 commodities and delicacies you have on Land,
 we wanted none, Our great Cabines being
 large as your Chambers, our Beds as commo-
 dious, our Decks spacious as your Galleries
 to walk in, our Kitchin our Sellars as well
 furnished, heards of Swine, flocks of Sheep,
 and Pullen of all sorts aboard, perpetuall fea-
 sting, nor wanted we Musick to our Feast,
 (besides an excellent set of Trumpets) the
 Mariners having some *Fiddles* amongst them,
 to which they often danc'd to delight the Pas-
 sengers. And thus sleeping, eating, drinking,
 and recreating our selves, we made our voy-
 age secure from storms, secure from Pirats and
 Enemies, till making Land about *Capo St.*
Augustine, we might descry some 3 or 4
 sail which knowing to be *Hollanders* of
Fernambucca, and not willing to encoun-
 ter them, we steered to Seaward again,
 all being that night overtaken by one of them,
 who allarum'd us as if their whole Fleet had
 made after us, appearing on every side of us
 with fiers on his main Mast, and about the
 waist of his ship perpetually burning (as a call
 o'rt seems for his Companions, if any were in
 fight) sayling away in the morning to find
 them out, and returning towards Evening,
 ever

(ever endeavouring like a Kite to snatch a-way our *Caravel* and *Pattachio*, which lay like Chickens close under our Wings) till at last about the height of *Baisa*, it left us, despairing to meet any of their Fleet higher up, when holding on our course for the *Rio*, and sounding all the way, we found it a bold Coast, some 35 Fathom all the way, with neither Flats nor Rocks, so passing by *Capo Frio* (so call'd from the excessive cold there, though under the Torrid Zone, and the climate on either side be exceeding hot) at last we arrived before the mouth of St. *Sebastians* Haven where under a little Isle we cast Anchor, having in lesse than three moneths, deducting our stay in *Affrique*, made the voyage almost to the *Antipodes*, of 4 ships (as we were) and more than 4 hundred men, losing only one man in all the voyage ; and here let me cast Anchor too, er' I prosecute my voyage.

Of our arrival to St. *Sebastians*, or the Rio de Janaro in Brasil.

Whilst we lay here at Anchor, our *Moriniers* Angling, took certain Fishes about the hignesse of *Rochats* or *Gurnets* which they call *Cunny Fishes* from their resemblance of our *Cunnies* in face (but only they wanted Ears, with bellies all white and chequered, which swell'd just like blown bladders, when they had lain a while panting on the Hatches, then the

were rank poison, as the *Portuguez* assured us; the Sea being full of divers other venomous Fishes, which renders the water unwholsome, as I experimented my self, when bathing me in it, I came out all faintish and ill-dispos'd, accustom'd to come out of other Seas more strong and vigorous. Mean time advertisement being given from the Fort unto the Town of our arival, they (perceiving us to be frends) sent divers Boats and *Canoes* forth to welecom us, and bring us aboard all sorts of fresh provifion and fruits of the Country. Their *Midsummer* being our *Mid-winter* here. Amongst the rest, having Pilots sent us to conduct us in, we weighed Anchor towards Evening, and with a gentle Brize or gale from Seaward, blowing constantly every Nighe from Sea, as every Morning it does from Land. We entred the Bay betwixt two mighty Rocks some mile affunder (the one (from its form) call'd the Sugar loaf) when having past the Fort some niale or so, beyond the Entrance of the Bay, we discover'd the pleasantest prospect in the world for natural Landschap, of the *Rio* or Lake some twenty mile or more about, all tufted with Green Islands, some a mile about, some more, some leſſe, the Town situated on the left hand, some 2 or three mile beyond the Fort, where was safe harbour for many hundred ships. Here ariving, and going on shore, I found a Lodging prepar'd for me, by the Fathers of the Company, with two *Mola-*

so's or Mungril Negro's to serve me, with my dyet from their Kitchin, just against my Lodging, whether by order from the King, the recommendations of the Governor (who came along with us) or the charity of the good Father I know not, but certainly 'twas so extraordinary an accommodation, as no money could have purchased the like, there being no *Innes* nor *Pensions* to lodge or eat at, as with us; all who frequent those parts being either Merchants, who lodge with their Correspondents, or Seafaring men, who lodge aboard, never any man like me before making that voyage merely on Curiosity.

Of Brafil in general.

Brafil, as 'tis confined by the *Ocean* on th' one side, and the Rivers of *Amazones* and *de Plata* on th'other, is a vast Continent, and far bigger than all *Europe*, the Climat is hot and moist, by reason of the abundance of Rain that falls there continually; yet are there no Rivers at all in the Country (but only those it is surrounded with) from whence any watry vapours should exhale. It has only some 4 or 5 Ports by which you may enter into the Country, all the rest o'th' shore being impenetrable, by reason of Rocks, and inextricable woods, for many hundred miles together, the Country seeming rather re-

scry'd

serv'd for the habitation of men hereafter, than ever to have been Inhabited heretofore; and one of these Ports was that we now entered.

Of the Town.

The Town of St. Sebastians is situate in a Plain some mile in length, bounded at either end with rising Hills, the inmost towards the Lake inhabited and inclos'd by the Benedictins, and the outmost towards the Sea by the Fathers of the Company; upon which hill was formerly situated the Antient Town (as the Ruins of houses, and the great Church, yet remaining, testifie) till for the commodity of Traffique, and portation of Merchandise, 'twas by degrees reduc'd unto the Plain, their buildings being but low, and streets not above 3 or 4, the principal regarding the Haven. Behind the Town is a great plain some two mile over, part of it bushy, part woody, and part meadow ground, beyond which you find a Country so wholly different from ours, as there's not a Tree nor Plant, Bird, Beast, nor any thing you ever saw in Europe to be found, and to speak somewhat of each one in particular.

Of the Country.

The Country is for the most part all o're-grown with wood, which the soyl, unforc'd since the Creation of the world had produc'd without culture, amongst which are some trees of such vast bignesse, as th'ar above 7 or 8 fathom in Diameter, and 70 or 80 high, of which they make *Casses*, or Trees hallowed into *Boats* of 2 or 300 tun. As for the *Braſile* wood, by excellency taking its denomination from thence 'tis but a shrub in comparison with the other Trees, much like our bigger sort of Hawthorn Trees. The Country is naturally hot and moist, by reason of frequent rains; whence in many places, where the moisture settles in the bottoms, you have meadow grounds, some 20 or 30 mile over, (leeming abandoned by those Trees, for not being firm enough to sustain the weight of their huge vast bulkes.

Of the Fruit Trees, and Plants.

For Fruit-Trees, besides wild Limons, which grow every wher in great abundance, the *Bossa* no deservedly claims the first place, it being a Tree that from the root grows yearly up to the heighth of an ordinary *Plum* or *Cherry*-tree,

tree, and much about that bulk ; tis all green, the body being nothing but a collection of the leaves, which spred out towards the Top, and fall like plumes of Feathers, each leaf being some 6 foot in length, and 2 in breadth, on top of which, the fruit grows some 40 together in a bunch, in husks like Beans, all yellow when they are ripe, the fruit of colour and taste much like our *Apricock*, but much more firm and more delicious. For their *Cajiu*, it is a sort of Tree of the bignes of our ordinary Apple-trees, the leaves like chesnut leaves, and fruit much like the bigger sort of green Figs, fastned to the Tree in lieu of stalk, by certain Chesnuts, which roasted are excellent meat, the fruit eaten whole, melts all away to juice, exceeding cooling and refreshing, excepting certain strings which hang in your teeth, so tough, you cannot swallow them. The *Guaver* is a certain Tree about the same height and bignesse, the Fruit is round and green, like to our *Nectarins*, but crush't, you finde a round red pulp within, about the bignesse of a *Bilyard* ball, eating like so many Strawberries moulded into a past. Another sort of Fruit they have call'd *Mamons*, growing like great green pears, some 20 or more in cluster on the top of the Tree, never ariving to the maturity of being eaten raw, but they make a good conserve. Limons, Oranges and Citrons they have in great excellency and abundance (which I suspect to have been transplanted thither at first)

and Limas of a mixt species, betwixt the Orange and Limon, all round, with a bunch on the top, of a drier taste, & more eager douce than either. Another Tree they have, of whose root dried, and the moisture prest out of it (which is rank poison) they make their *fribo de pao*, as they call it, which they use instead of bread, when fresh and recent, 'tis like the Crums of wheaten bread, and when stale, like powdered Oatmeal; by every ones trencher they lay heaps of this, and though Bread (made of Corn, brought from *Portugal* and the *Western Islands*) be neither scarce nor dear, yet most of the Inhabitants rather eat of that. But above all, the *Ananaz* is one of the deliciousest Plants the Earth did e'r produce, it growing like an *Arischake*, the leaves thick and sharply Indented, like those of *Semper-vive*, thistly on the top, with a rind all scaly like the pine-apple, which paring off, you find the fruit of the bignesse of an ordinary *Meloon*, of a Golden colour, and distinguish: into Cells, like Oranges, which slicing and eating in wine (as 'twas affirm'd of *Manna*) every one finds that gust and taste in't, he is the most delighted with. *Meloons* they have too, both yellow and green, far better than those of *Euroope* (though transplanted from thence perhaps at first) and *Boratos* in as great abundance as *Turnips* and *Carrots* are with us. To conclude, another Tree it has called the *Pinto*, which though no fruit Tree, yields them more profit,

profit than all the rest ; growing most commonly in moist places like our Willow, the body growing *Cane-wise*, distinguisht by several knots, out of whose poory sides, the branches issue forth in round, with their several falls rendring it so many stories high; of a de-lightfull green, body and all, whose leaves being thick and filmy, they use to cleave and spin to what finesse they please ; the grosser serving for *Hemp*, the middle sort for *Flax*, and the finer for *Silk*.

Of their Beasts.

For their beasts they are all strangely different from ours : The *Coy* has some resemblance to our *Hare*, but bigger, without Ears, and its back parts ending more bluntly towards the *Scut*, and of a redder colour than all the rest o' th' body : The *Tatoo* is, not much unlike our lesser sort of *Swine*, but 'chas a more swag belly, and longer snout. *Pigritas* they have, so called from the slownesse of their pace, so monstrous, as no Devil can be painted more horrible and ugly, all scally like the *Rhinoceros*, but more Serpent like, going so slowly, as it scarcely advances a pace a day : *Ounces*, *Tigers*, & *Leopards* they have too for wild-beasts, and for tame, *Sheep*, *Swine*, *Goats* and *Oxen*(all imported) and breeding there in so great abundance, especially

the latter sort (which they nourish both for food and service, to turn their sugar-mills) as the fathers of the Company have for their share (not far from the Rio) more than twenty thousand all grazing in one pasture. *Bugs* or *Apes*, they have in great abundance, most commonly all black with white faces, their tails *in spire*, turning inward, they smell sweet, and when they have done any mischief, will so hugg you, whistling lamentably with their mouths, as you cannot but pardon them; but above all, the prettiest Animal Nature ever made is the *Saguis*, about the bignesse of a little *Squirrel*, with long shag mains, and bushy tails, of golden colour (most commonly) fac't and handed like a Black-more, with small fingers and smirking countenances; peeping or iqueeking like a Cricket when it craves, so as could it be but transported (as 'tis so tender and delicate, it commonly dies on change of air) all your Island Shocks, and *Bollenian* dogs would be banisht Ladies Laps and Chambers, and these be their sole Minions and Favourites.

Of their Fowl.

For their Fowl, they are all so beautifull in comparison with ours, as we may well say, Nature learnt her *colours* there, when she painted them; and that for Birds, whilst those

those of *Arabis* are call'd birds of *Paradise*, *Brazil* may well be called the *Paradise* of Birds. Amongst the rest the *Arara* is a certain Bird about the bignesse of a *Goshawk*, seeming a whole Garden of *Tulips*, every Feathers being of a several colour, which beheld in Sun-shine, even dazzle your Eyes, they are so bright & glittering; of these I had one I taught to speak like a Parrot, but in so grosse & big a tone, as you could not abstain from laughing to hear it; an other Bird they have call'd a *Cauada*, differing from the *Arara* only in colour; its back and wings without being all *Azurine*, and breast and wings within of golden yellow: Others all jet black they have, with a stomacher of *Aurora* colour, borthered with Crimsen, others again all scarlet. In fine the ordinarest Bird they have, is the Parrot, of which they have hundred sorts; The *Parrachises* about *May* coming thither in flocks, just like *Starrs* in other Countries, and are sold as cheap, & eaten as ordinarily as they. With the rarer sorts of all which beasts & fowl I had my Chamber furnished, during my stay in the Country, as *Sanguins* one or two, which I always carryed along with me, calling them my Pocket Lyons, out of which at meals they'd come, and on either shoulder one, take meat from my hands and mouth, of my kindnesse to which, I had an *Arara* was so jealous, as it never left importuning me with its caresses, now looking me in the face, and talking

talking to me, now climbing up my back, it being a good-natur'd Bird, having only this ill quality, to be alwayes pecking and tearing with its Bill what ever was next it, which makes your frugal *Portuguez*, or wholly banish them their houses, or provide them Iron Perches to exercise their Beaks on. Many other sorts of Animals I had, which all perished by Sea, my *Sanguins* by change of air, my *Arara's* drown'd, on which I made this following Epigram.

*Since thou so like unto the Phoenix wert,
In shape, in colour, and in every part,
That so unlike shou'd be your destiny,
That shou'd by fire, thon shou'dst by water die.*

Of their Insects, or lesser sort of Animals.

For their Insects, a certain little crab or crevish they have, no bigger than Beetles, earthed in banks of sand, as Cunnies are in Burroughs, with one claw far bigger than the other, which makes them turn whirling about, as other Crabs motions are retrograd: another strange Insect they have the *Portuguez* call *Lobedio*, or *Praise God*, as for some admirable thing, as indeed this is; It being a certain animated stick, like the end of some small twig, some fingers length, out of the joynts of which there

there grow out leggs by pairs , on which it crawls, like walking Tressles, nor can you perceive any other life it has , nor any other part of living Creature ; as Eyes , Mouth, &c. I finding one of them crawling on me as I walked forth into the Woods , which tyed with a Thrid, and fastned to a bough , I kept long time in my Chamber, not perceiving any sustenance it took , often peircing it , to find if it had any sence; it alwayes crawling in the same manner about , until at last it vanished, I know not how ; but that which molested me most of all, was a certain kind of animated dust , which insensibly ingenders to worms in your feet as big as Magots in a cheese, which unless they be carefully extracted, leave each one the seeds behind of a hundred more; these was I grievously tormented with for a month together, so as I could not stir, but as I was carryed in a *Hamatta* ; nor did I ever know before , how near confining pain and pleasure was; I, at their first ingendring in my feet, being assaulted with so fierce an itch, as twas the greatest pleasure in the world to scratch it , which presently was succeeded by so intollerable a pain, as I never remember to have felt the like.

Of the Salvages , or Natives of Brasil.

Of the Natives or Inhabitants what shall I say

say, but if, as *John Baptista de porto* says, every Nation has resemblance to some certain beast or *Animal*, certainly these *Brazilians* are most like *Asses*, dull and phlegmatick, ~~or servitissimi nati~~, and only fit for toil and druggery, which is the reason Nature perhaps provided that Country with neither Horse nor *Asse*, nor any beast of carriage or burthen besides themselves, yet are they rather squat than robust, with broad Bodies, and little Leggs, small Eyes, of fallow, sickly complexion, ill featured, with black and greezy hair, nor curl'd nor dangling, but flagging ill-favouredly about their Ears, going for the most part all naked both Men and Women, with only some rag to hide their privy parts, which you would never desire to see, you ar so disgusted with the rest, they being all *Christians*, but such, as put me in mind of that sentence of Holy Scripture, *Homines et Jumenta salvabis Domine*, that the Lord will save both Man and Beast; for surely they are both, having not wit enough to commit ingenious Vices, nor Temperance enough to abstain from brutal ones; and thus much for those who live among the *Portugals*, betwixt which and the other *Savages* I imagine there is as much difference as between wild Beasts and tame; neither can I believe what is reported of their fiercenesse, though all that is reported of their ferity I do, as their eating one the other, and having not so much as a word in their language, signifying nor

God

God, nor King, nor Law, for were they so fierce as 'tis reported, certainly they would never have yeelded their Country up so tamely to the *Portugal*, nor suffer them to enjoy it so quietly as they do; But to return to my *same Salvages*, I hired 4 of them for a journey I made by Land, to carrey my *Hammatta*, whilst tother two ran Lacqueying by, which was on this manner. Your *Hammatta* is a certain *cotton* Net about the bignesse of a *Blancket*, drawn together at each end, and fastned by a strong Line to a Cane as big and long as a Colstaff, carried on their Shoulders, where you sit or lye in what posture you please on a Boulster or Pillow, far more easily than in any *Litter* (the *Portuguez* men having a Negro carrying a *Parafol* or *Umbrella* to shadow them from the Sun, whilst the Women are shadowed and defended from publique sight, by some rich coverture thrown over the *Hammatta*, with two Negro Maids going by their sides, to help them up, and put on their *Coppinas* when the Net's laid down, and they rise to go out of it to any place). In one of these was I carryed some twenty miles a day, more or lesse, according as the way was more plain or mountainous, covenanting with my *Salvages* for a small matter in money, besides my finding them dyet, which was only a little *fariña de pan* (or bread made of the root of a certain Tree, as we have said before) for the rest they rather finding me, for to our *Fari-*

we had ordinarily no other meat but Fish ;
of which at every plash of water where they
came (but casting in their hooks) they took
enough for twenty men, when we presently
made fires upon the place , and broyl'd them,
eating them afterwards with the juyce of wild
Lymons , growing every where in the woods ;
and this, with water for our drink, was all our
 sustenance , and for our lodging at night, we
hung up our *Hammars* betwixt two Trees, and
there slept till morning, only along the Coast,
in that tract which the *Portugals* have made
to travel by Land from place to place , you
fail not every second day at most to find some
Ross or Country Farm of the *Portuguez*
where for your money you are well accommo-
dated with all sorts of pullet and fruit. One
pleasure I had in passing through the woods ,
was to see the Trees full of *Apes* and *Parats* ,
(as if they had born no other fruit) one cha-
sing another with such noise and chattering ,
you could not hear one another speak , and
you should see those Apes which had young ,
with 2 or 3 claspt about their neck , or hanging
on their back , which they went thus lug-
gering , till they waxed big , to catch
which, the Natives would shoot the old ones
with their Arrows (with which they are the
best mark men in the world, considering what
clouterly Bows and Arrows they shoot with-
all) when the old one tumbling down , the
young for want of exercising their Legs ,
had

had not th' addresse to runne away.

Of the Commodities of the Country.

From my Voyage, I will return to speak of the Riches of the Country, chiefly consisting in their Sugar, which when I have named, I have named all; not that it wants others, but that it can want no others, having that, since that country which abounds with that commodity which all others have need of, can never want any commodity which others abound withall. For the rest, it produces neither *Corn*, nor *Wine*, nor *Sals*, which I attribute not so much to the difference of the Climate, as some politique reason to keep them with that necessary dependency on *Portugal*, to vent their commodities, and prevent revolt. Now for their Sugar thus it grows, and thus 'tis made; Their Sugar canes are prun'd to the heighth of standing corn: nor need they other culture, but every second year to cut them close by the roots, as we do *Oifers*, when against the next year they never fail to spring up agen, the flaggs of which Canes are of a pleasant green, and shew a far off just like a Field of Corn, which being ripe about the month of June, they joint them in pieces some foot long, and carry them to the Mill, turn'd by Oxen, or Water, consisting of two round Cylinders, about the bignesse of *Mil-pests*, planed

ted with Iron, which turning inwards; and joyning as close together as they can meet, so squeez the canes in passing through them, as they come out on th'other side all bruized, and dry as *kogues*, which were all liquid before; which *Liquor* is conveyed by *Troughs* to certain *Caldrons*, wher'tis boyld, still retaining its amber colour, till powr'd out at last into their forms or coolers, with a certain *Lee* 'tis rendred white; And in these *Mills* (during the season of making Sugar) they work both day and night, the work of immediatly applying the canes into the *Mill* being so perillous as if through droufinesse or heedlesnesse a fingers end be but engag'd betwixt the Posts, their whole body inevitably follows, to prevent which, the next *Negro* has alwayes a Hatchet readie to chop off his Arm, if any such Misfortune should arive.

Of the Starrs, and Heavens of the other Hemisphere.

I will conclude this Treatise of *Brasil* with a word or two of the *Starrs* of the other *Hemisphere*, garnisht with many *constellations* wholly unknown to us, of which the *Cruciero* or *Crosse* is the principalst, consisting of 5 or 6 Stars of the first magnitude, as bright as any in our *Hemisphere*; whose brightness, as with a foil, is set off the more by a great black cloud that's

that's continually under it, as is the whitnesse of the *Milky way* rendred more perspicuous, by a streak of black in the midst of it, tending towards the same *constellation*; both which, as also another great black cloud on th'other side the *Milky way*, I observ'd at my being there, for more than six months continually: whence I concluded, 'twas the natural complexion of that sky (as ours is blew) to have much part of it black; which perhaps renders the people of that Climat far more melancholy than ours, which black clouds I much wonder none (as I know of) has observ'd besides my self, especially since there ar 2 white clouds not far from the *Cruciero* appearing always in the same posture and figure, so generally observ'd and known, as they are call'd *Nubes Magellanicae*, from *Magellan*, who first discovered them. And thos much for *Brasilia* may suffice; In which, if I have been too long, you will perceive at least, I have made al hast I could away. There being nothing in the Country, besides the satisfying my curiositie, that could invite me to longer stay than whilst the Fleet was preparing, which in the beginning of *August*, the 8th month after our Arival there, was ready to depart, I being to Imbark on the Admiral *Don Rhoderigo d' Alancastro*, who nobly invited me to dyet and lodge with him in his own *Cabbin*.

XXIV.

To the Reverend Father John Pererio
of the Society of J. in Brasil,
Anno 50.

Reverend Father,

Till I can do't in deeds, you will please to accept of my thanks in words for al your noble favours in Brasil, by whose curtesie twas that I not only lived there, but that my life in all my voyage has been prerogued ever since; for *Non vivere, sed bene valere vita est*, you know: and I can assure you I never far'd better than I did on ship-board with the General *Don Rodrigo d' Alancastro*, to whom you particularly recommended me, who lodg'd me in his own Cabin, plac'd me at his table next himself, and not only made me companion alive with him, but would have don't in death too, If there had been occasion, (as we imagined, on sight of another Fleet, which afterward proved frends) when putting a Rapier in my hand, and arming me with a Rondache or Shield, he bid me (if we chanc'd to fight) keep always close to him, that we might live or die together. So as (my dear F.) whilst others oblige as 'twere by chance, you only have the Art to do it, by linking benefit thus to benefit, till you make such a chain of it, as he must be most

most ungracful should not alwayes remaine
your Thrall; but that which your Modesty
will not hear from me, I hope shortly you shall
hear from the King himself, whom I have in-
formed since my Arival of the many favours I
received from you in Brazil, chiefly for his sake,
next to God; nor have I limited my Gratitude
only to this place, but I have written also to
Rome, that I might repay your entefies the
sooner, the more I should call into contributi-
on to the debt, of which Letter behold the
Copy.

Ad Eminentissimum Card.

Fra: Barba: Anno 50.

Post suum ex Brasilia reditum:

Eminentissime Domine,

Ex quo fœda illa Tempestas nuper in Anglia
exorta me quasi Naufragium in transma-
rinis plagas ejecisset, ego, ac si omnis ter-
ra mibi patria fuisset, vel potius nulla, magnæ
partæ Europæ peragrata, atque nonnulla
Asia, Africæq; Brasiliam tandem in A-
merica cogitavi, quo à nobis remotior eo pro-
pius Lumen notitiæ admoturum.

After which *Exordium* I proceed, and say ;
 " that though it abound in many things ; and
 " that a Gold mine has lately been discover'd
 " there in the Territory of St. Pauls, and a
 " veyn of *Emeralds* nigh *Sancto Spiritu*, yet I
 " esteem more than any Gold or Precious
 " Stones, the planting of the Christian Faith,
 " (I having no where seen Learning and Piety
 " more flourishing than there) chiefly by the
 " Industry of the Fathers of the Society , who
 " converting those Barbarous people daily ,
 " whilst they exercise their Bodies in cultiva-
 " ting the Land, do cultivate their Souls for
 " Heaven.

I will conclude, by telling you how our voy-
 age was so prosperous all the way, as for more
 than 3 months none of our 22 sayl ever lost
 sight of one another , til nigh the Western I-
 lands; or *Tiercieros* (where I only with our
 Purser went ashore, the Generall suffering
 none else to stir) our Fleet was so dissipated by
 fowl weather, as only 7 of us entred *Lisbon*
 road together, the rest comming afterwards
 dropping one by one, excepting 2 or 3 catcht
 up by the *Hollanders*, and one or two lost :
 And this is all I can tell you of our Voyage hi-
 ther : besides which, I have no more to say, but
 only agen & agen to Iterate my many thanks
 unto you, R. F. *Rector*, F. *Vasconcellos*, and
 all the rest, with the assurances that I shall al-
 wayes be

Your R. &c.

To

XXV.

To the Lord —— from Lisbon,
Anno 50.

Of some Discourses in P O R T U G A L,

My Lord,

B eing return'd from my *Bresil voyage*, my
next is for *Flanders*, whither I tended in
my thoughts, even whilst I tended farthest
from it; they like *Compasses* having one foot
fix'd in that, whilst the other compast the
whole world about, for which whilst I expect
an *Embarquement*, I cannot better entertain
my self, than by entertaining you with some
passages here; be pleas'd to know then, that
discourfing the other day with one of the grea-
test in this Kingdom, about our affairs of *Eng-*
land, (which have so chang'd face since I left
'em, as I should hardly know them, I having
been so remote from them, as the blow of that
fatal Axe which took the *Kings* life away, was
not heard there till six moneths after) they
thereupon vilifying the Supreme Autho-
rity, imagining none great enough, that
is not monstrous, and that to Reign courte-
ously, is onely to reign at curtesie of others,
and not rightly understanding that of our Par-
liament; I to rectifie their understandings in
either, told them first, That the right Institu-
tion of the Parliament of *England* was so far

diminishing the Royal Authority, as on the contrary it rendred it, but the more absolute, whence they were deceived, who imagined the Parliament there an imperious Maister, as 'tis in some Countries, or an abject Vassal, as it is in others ; it being rather in nature of an humble frend, to advise and counsel as often as was requisite for the Kingdoms good ; That there are some things which like the wheels of Chariots, or wings of Birds, look like burthenes ; when indeed they are but helps to support and lighten the burthen, and one of those things was the Parliament of *England*, not so much an Embarrasment to the Rboyal power, as an expediating and faciliatting it, not so much to Limit the Regal Authority, as not to leave it altogether Limitlesse, that its bounds was like that of the Ocean, boundles, but for its own conservation, that the King could do all things, but ruine and destroy himself and his Kingdoms, an Impuissance so far from Imperfection, as is that of Almighty God not being able to sin, which is on the contrary one of his most God-like Attributes. In fine, that the King of *England* was one of the potentes Kings in the Christian world, but with his Parliament omnipotent, and that without that he was but one 'tis true; but that without him nothing. For the rest of our affairs, his Religion had rendred him more intelligent ; and he could say, That as 'tis not then when the Howse falls, that the ruin begins, but when some

some main pillar or foundation is neglected, the want of maintaining which, draws on the Ruine of all the rest : So 'twas not now the Ruine of the Royal Authority began in *Eng-*
land, but then when the Schism began ; when that foundation of Monarchy, *Per me Reges regnant*, was so shaken and weaken'd, as it has stood wavering and tottering ever since. That the Spiritual and Temporal Monarchy are that *Murale* and *Antemurale*, fortifying one another ; neither could the one more subsist without the other, than the Walls of a Town without its *Bulwarks* and *Outworks* can defend it self. That so the King, in taking the Ecclesiastical Authority upon himself, did but like him who foolishly took his Horse on his own shoulders, and fell to the ground with't, whilst he vainly indeavoured to carry that, whith should carry him ; and so we see all had fayl'd in their Ends they propos'd to themselves in that preposterous change ; the King in establishing a greater Authority, the *Bishops*, or *Spiritual Lords*, in imagining they should grow more absolute by the ejection of *Abbors* ; and the *Lords Temporal* by the ejection of *Bishop*: afterwards, all but making way for their own ruine ; nor were the Commons to imagine they had much mended their Mercat by it ; "since whosoever cheaply sells anothers au-
 "thority makes but the Market to buy his
 "own : So we see since the first change of

that Religion, wherein *England* had continued flourishing more than a Thousand years, how 't has been hurryed from one to another ever since ; it being as impossible things diverted from their pristine Institution, and to which by long tract of Time they had been Accustomed, should afterwards stand firm and stable ; as for the *needle o'th' Compasse*, diverted from its *North*, to cease its restless motion, till it return unto't agen. Thus he, which how truly, the Event of things will shew : for my part prepar'd for all Events, when I am in *Flandres*, if there be any Settlement in *England*, and subsistence for an honest man, who loves to be quiet, and let others be so, I may see it agen : if not, I have learnt how wide the world is, and to esteem every place for my Country, where I may live quietly, and without molestation ; which humour and disposition (my Lord) I know you will not dislike, in

Your Lordships most, &c.

To

XXVI.

To Mr. John Mulys, An. 50.

Worthy Sir.

The courtesie I have received in all my voyages from those of your noble profession, especially from your self, obliges me in gratitude to the publishing every where of this following

CHARACTER

Of an English Merchant resident in foreign parts.

He is one, who goes abroad with a stock of honour, as well as mony to Traffick with, and manages either bravely, being a Master, and not a slave to wealth, and such a Master as honours it by his commands, making it only serve to noble ends. He neither sticks at Trivial expence nor gain, nor Anticipates poverty for fear of being poor (like those who kill themselves for fear of death) nor accelerates it by vain glory of appearing rich (like those who guild o're ruinous Palaces) but look in his *Accomptes* and *Ware-house*, and you find him a wealthy Merchant, but look in all the rest of his *House* and *Family*, and you find him a noble and gallant minded Gentleman. In brief, he neither starves the

Chanc

Chanel with penuriousnesse, nor exhausts the *Spring* with prodigality, but has a particular Art to keep a full *stream* still running, and the *Fount* still full, so as we may well say of him in these *dead Times*, that there is none *livet* but he; who whilst greatest Landed men are outed of all they have, as long as the *Sea* is open, is sure of his coming in: To conclude, he is the honour of his Nation abroad, and therefore his Nation should be very dishonourable and unworthy, should it not alwayes honour him.

For the rest (Sir) you will please to know, that about a month after my departurture from *Lisbon*, and Embarquement at *Sesual* I arrived in *Holland*, the travailing through which by Land, from the *Texel* to *Amsterdam*, from thence to *Utrecht*, *Dort*, and so to *Azwerp*, &c. cost me more than all the Sea Voyages I made in all the four parts of the world beside, and Land too, since I left *Italy*. They will imagine this a *Paradox*, who know not that all my other voyages cost me nothing (which by computation in four years only, had cost me more than 2 or 3 thousand *Crowns*) If the accommodation I had with *Princes* by Land, and *Admirals* by Sea, could have been purchased with money, to say nothing of the Entertainment I found by *Mercants* every where; Of which now I say no more, but only that I can never say enough. In fine (Sir) having compleated my ten years Voyage,

Voyage, I am now arrived at *Bruxelles*, as
Stones to their Center, and Elements in their
Sphere, wanting nothing of that requiescence
which every thing enjoys in that which it most
desires, where I remain

Sir,

Yours, &c.

XXVII.

To the Dutches of Lorain at Berscel
nigh Brussels, Anno 50.

The Description of the Countesse of BERLA-
MONT'S Funeral.

Madam,

Yesteray were the obsequies of Madam Berlamont celebrated with all magnificence in her own Chapel, hung all with black Velvet, bordered with Cloath of Gold, the Hearse in like manner with a Coronet and Canopy, The Holland Bishop officiated, all the Privy Council, and Magistrates in Corps assisting, together with all the Nobility, her two Nephews, the Duke of Arschot, and Prince of Gavre the chief Mourners; but the Prince the more officious of the two, as most concerned in her Testament, Father Malbyard made the Funeral Oration, indiscreetly enough, who whilst

whilst he excused her for not intermeddling with State Affairs, accused her the more, there being some incurable wounds of Fame, which like soar Eyes are but made worse with handling; nor wanted there positive vertues enough to praise in her, that he should need to seek out negative ones; but 'tis the vice of your petty Orators, to o'rpass familiar and obvious things, & seek out uncouth and abstruse, thinking they are never eloquent enough, till they are extravagant. The Ceremonies o'ch' Chapel performed, the *Prince of Gaure* and I in manner soly accompanied the Corps into the Vault (perhaps the only true and real mourners there) where I complemented him, in telling him I wisht with all my heart all his misfortunes buried in the same Grave with her; and he answered that he never had, nor could have a more sensible one than the losse of her. In fine (Madam) it were no ill complement to your Highnesse (I imagin) to wish all your Enemies buryed in the same Grave too; she having nothing I ever dislik't in her, but her Enmity to your Highnesse; for which Sin God forgive her, and I doubt not but he'll forgive her all the rest; I having been always of opinion, that somes obliging vices ar better than others sour and austere vertues, learning of that Fryer in *Commiss-*

re-

nes, to pray alwayes for those who do me good, and for me, your Highnesse knows the many obligations I had unto her, so great

really, as all the joy I had of living in Flan-
ders had been buried in the same Grave with
her, had she not left your Highnesse Execu-
trix of it before she died; so *Madame* having
rather gained than lost by the Exchange of the
Hand, I may the more truly say now, that I
am solely and absolutely

Your Highnesse most &c.

XXVIII.

To the same.

*Apprehending danger from the Inflammation
and redness of the Princesses Eys.*

Madam,

I Am so concern'd and sorry for the Princess
maladie, as did I apprehend the least dan-
ger of it; I should not be now alive to tell
your Highnesse so; but I am so far from it,
as whilst Doctor *Forges* is busie with the rest,
consulting the remedys, with half the consul-
tation, I'll tell your Highnesse the cause of it,
(when the malady is half cured they say.) First
then, The rednesse of her Eyes is nothing else
but as the blushing of the Morn is to the day;
and no wonder that *Aurora* should precede,
the fair Sun-shine her Eyes promise; Next 'tis
but Justice, that those Eyes which are to in-
flame so many, should first experience what
tis

tis to be inflam'd themselves; that she may stay with Dido. She has learnt to pity others by her own hardness, &c. besides by her drawing Green Taffaty Curtains over them, I suspect some design of keeping them for reliques (as the mantr is) if so, I desire she should understand, that there are some things ('tis true) are more esteemed and reverenc'd the lesse they are beheld; but such as her Eyes are, the more they are beheld, are ever reverenc'd and esteemed the more. How ever, to morrow I shall not fail to come and pay my Devotions at her staring, when if she look well upon me, I shall esteem my self highly blest; Mean Time, I desire she would esteem me for the humblest of her Votaries, and that your Highnesse would hold me for,

Madam,

*The humblest of you Honourers
and Admirers.*

To the same.

*Merrily describing his journey on foot from
BERSEEL to BRUXELLES.*

Madam,

Yesternight e'r I reacht Bruxelles I was sufficently punisht for my unmannery (or rather too mannerly) refusing your Highnesse Coach , the sudden rain having rendred the ways so slabbery , and me so dirty , as I can assure your Highnesse it put me more in mind of *Adam's* clay than a hundred *Ashwednesdays* with its *memento homo's* could have done ; I having more on my shooes than went to making the first man , and one might have planted more Salads on them than would serve Mademoiselle de —'s little houshould a year at least , so as my feet were like *Nebuccadonors* Image all of clay , and they had like to have cost me twenty quarrels in coming hom. The Master of the Brick-kills had like to have quarrell'd me for carrying away all the Clay upon my shooes he had been preparing and making provision a whole week of to make in Bricks ; and a *Spaniard* lookt grim and surly on me at the Gate , for carrying away so much of the *Kings* Highway on my Shooes ; at my Entrance into Town , I might have had two pence for it of an Ale-wife for stopping Bung holes

holes, and a moulder of Images bargained for it to make his moulds of. But he who made most profit of it, (next to the Shomaker) was your good Frier *Terminus* of *Berseel*, who meditating on his way, how *Adam* in State of perfection, of clay was made man, at sight of me fell on another conceit, how man in state of Imperfection was made clay. In fine, Madam, all the profit I can make of it, is to learn how I go on foot again when I may have commodity of a Coach, and not to refuse any thing that is offered me.

XXX.

To the Lord Duke of Buckingham.

In praise of Berseel a Castle of Mademoiselle de Beauvais nigh Bruxelles.

My Lord,

There are certain moments and ravishing Minutes like the divine Extasies of Saints, we should desire might always last; and if our lives were all of the same piece with them, how happy should we be? one of these in my opinion (and I doubt not but I have your Graces suffrage) was that we had tother day at *Berseel*,

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 few; when *May* had put on its best attire, the day its serenest Countenance; Madam the *Duchess* was never more pleasant, your Grace in better humour, nor my *Lute* in better Tune. For *Berzel* it selfe, I could not at my return but give it this Character: That 'twas the only remains o'th' Terrestrial Paradise, the world being still ther in its first Innocence; the Tree of Life only waiting to make them live perpetually. The air being so pure, as health has made there its constant residence: and sickness dares not come within the Sphere of *Zephyrus* breath, who has taken possession of the territory thereabouts, and suffers no wind to blow there besides its self, whilst the Liquid Christall of its silver Moat serves both for Mirour to its lofty buildings, and the *Wood Nymphs* too, who with little *Spirits* and *Cupids* on every Tree, in fresh rosy every day, pass all the year. The *Genius* of the place is alwayes sprightly, and the spirit of *May* is alwayes there. In fine, 'tis an Academy of *Nightingals*; and the *Bees*, those little Huntresses of Flowers, find no where better, nor more abundant store, than there, where flowers grow every where, and crop but one, and strait seven more spring up in place of it, whether 't be the goodness and fertility of the soyl, or the vertue and fairnesse of the hand that gathers them; Heaven having priviledg'd this place, with that happiness above all others, that it should never fall, but into the

fairest hands of the Universe. Thus I ; but this I know (my Lord) comes short of your Idea of it , whose quick Imagination goes far beyond all others Expressions , wherefore I'll leave this Theam, and come to that other of the Reason why after Mademoiselle de B's letting blood there was found so e. quall a mixture of blood and water , as the nicest sense could not distinguish it ; for which, whilst we were solliciting our Muses till after Midnight , and could not obtain any Reason of them, behold that mine gave me next morning .

Of this so just and equal mingling

*Of water and blood, what should the Reason
be ?*

*But only this, being forc'd to part from her,
Each drop of Blood for Grief did shed a
Tear.*

And now (my Lord) your Grace is oblig'd to admit of this Reason, or afford a better; which I know is as easie and natural to you, as 'tis to me to be alwayes

Your Graces most, &c.

To Mademoiselle de B, Anno 50.

The Reason, of his leaving BRUXELLES, to
wait upon the Dutchess of LOREIN.

and to go into the Country side of a new
Mademoiselle; in which of these two

The Roman Stories make mention of a
certain Lady so nobly constant to the Af-
flicted, as when her Husband had cast her Fa-
ther into banishment, she left her Husband
and follow'd him; and when her Father's
Faction (afterwards prevailing) did the like by
her Husband, she followed him agen, and left
her Father; and I should more praise this dis-
position, if it were not mine own, I having
followed the Queen Mother so, as now I do
her Highness, that they might see, I follow'd
not their Fortunes but themselves; nor is it ver-
eue, but Interest in me, who love the good
Graces of those I am with, above all the be-
nefits they can bestow on me; of which young
Princes are then most liberal, when they have
nothing to bestow on you besides; so there is
somewhat me-thinks in great Princes, as in the
sun, that makes them the more regardable
the more they are belay'd, and somewhat more
venerable in ruined Palaces, than when they
are intire. I speak not this (Mademoiselle.)

with any reflexion on her Highnesse Fortune,
but on mine own disposition, who was pleas'd
to say publiquely, when I had resolv'd to wait
on her into the Country; "That none ever
running at the Ring was more sollicitous to
carry away the prize, than she was to carry
me away from you. In *revanche* of which
I can assure her Highness, that none ever ha-
ving gain'd in prize some precious Jewell, was
more carefull to conserve it, than I shall be
the honour of her good Graces. Mean while
think not, (*Madamoiselle*) that I leave you for
her; but only hope to serve you the more in ser-
ving her; You being so good a Sister, as I know
you prefer her contentment to your own,
or rather have no contentment but only hers;
to which if I shall confer any thing, 'tis all the
Ambition, as 'tis but the duty of

Mademoiselle,

Yours, &c.

XXXII.

To Monsieur Laurins, Lieutenant Ci-
vil at Gant, Anno 50.

Noble Sir,

I have finished my little Circle of the world
(incompassing only the Borders of Asia
& Europe), and am return'd to

Bruxelles, be-

Bruxelles, the point where I first begun, remaining much unsatisfied (the while) that I took no greater compass ; yet was I rather waiting to the opportunity, than the opportunity to me : The Count d' Averas (newly made Vice-Roy of the East-Indies at my return from the West) offering me the like accommodation with him thither, as I had with Don Roderigo & Alancastro (who had married his Daughter) in returning from Brasil (that is, my diet and lodging with himself) (to which the King would have willingly assented, and munificently contributed) which, with many humble thanks I refused then, and if I repent me now, 'tis because I weigh it without the same Circumstances which then turn'd the Scales, (the extreme hazard of one Voyage , and danger of the other) not one Portugal ship of three returning safe from that voyage, whilst not one in ten of the Hollanders ever miscarriet ; the doubling the Cape of Bon Espiritus being onely dangerous at some seasons in the years, which seasons they never avoid, (by their own confession) so unwise men, or so ill Mariners they are , not better to know to Time their Voyage, or Trim their Ship ; But enough of Voyaging : and now 'tis time for me, like a ship safe return'd to Harbour, to Carise and rest awhile, and tempt Fortune no longer, since *Quem sape transire Casus aliquando invenis*, not one in a hundred ever having been so fortunate as I, nor (perhaps) did I live

hundred years, should I ever be so fortunate again; I never knowing what danger was by Land, nor stormes by See; in 8 years travelling by one, and two years Voyage by other (so rare a felicitie as (perhaps) none could ever boast besides my self) so are there certaine *conjunctions* which never but at certaine *periods* (like *Eclipses*) encounter, as was this to be defrayed and entertained, where e'er I went (in manner) at the publique cost, like some publike Ambassadour; one chief reason of which I imagine to have been my indifferency of travelling to any place where I had not been before (those who bind themselves to a sy one course in particular, renouncing to *Fortunes* concurrency so all the rest) yet let none ever hope the like advantages, that are not signaliz'd by some remarkable qualities (as I was by Musick, &c.) here being somewhat in *Art* (whilst exercised in no Mechanique way) above *Fortune*, that makes Princes more favour those that excell in one than t'other, they looking on t'one as their Subjects, but on t'other, as their Companions (there being no superiority in *Art* as there is in *Fortune*, but the best, not the greatest carries it) This you should see now Sir if you were at *Brussels*, where whilst others far richer than my self are kept at distance, I am admitted to such a familiarity with those *Grandees*, as some Admire, some Envy, and all Emulate, all which honour I should not glory in,

if it were not accompanied with that of
being.

Sir

Yours, &c.

XXXIII.

To the same, Anno. 50.

Of Language.

Mademoiselle,

Since you honour me so much to permit me
to entertain you weekly (or oftener) with
our occurrences, and my meditations here, and
please to give me the hint sometimes of the
Subject I am to treat of, as now you do; be
also pleased to understand that for *Languages*,
tis to *Embarque* without *Bisquer*, or travel
without *viaticum* for any to travel, or under-
take a voyage without the Language of the
Country, where he goes; for a shift (tis true)
one may have recourse to their Country men
in forein parts, but that is but a kind of beg-
ging to be understood, and travelling in *for-
ma Pauperis*; and as you must seek them out
in Corners, so must you confine your self to
Corners while you converse with them; for
my part I account it altogether as necessary for
those who travel to make provision of Langua-
ges

(4)

ges as of money, & therefore I never travail any where, but first I provide me with furniture enough of Languages for so vast a Room, as those Countries I travail through; and if you demand of me which Language I found the most large and spreading, and of greatest latitude and extension, the best way to answer you, is to give you first the plane of the Room, and next to let you see the several pieces of Languages to furnish it. First then for French it serves you thorough all Flanders, Spain, Savoy up to Italy (exclusively) as through the Netherland up to Sweedland, Denmark and Poland, the other way) where almost all the people of quality speak French. Then for Italian it serves you not only through all Italy, but Sicily, Malta, and almost all the Isles of the Archipelago and Mediterranean Sea, up to Constantinople, where your Language begins to change, and fails you in travelling further Levant, wherefore to return back again, it serves thorough all Dalmatia, and beyond the Venetians Territory up to Austria, where tis spoke commonly in the Emperours Court, as almost in all the Princes Courts of Germany. Now for Spanish it not only serves you thorough all Spain and Portugal, but along all the Coast, and the Isles of Affrique to the Brasils, and either Indies. For Dutch next, it not only serves you in Germany, Switzerland, the Low Countries, Denmark, Sweedland, but every where by Sea, which is as properly the

Hab-

Hollanders Country, as any Land they or any other Nation Inhabit and possesse ; and lastly for *Latine* and *English* (to tell you true) they only served me to stop holes with ; the *English* Language out of our Dominions being like our *English* money current with much adoe in neighbouring Countries who traffick with us, but farther off you must go to *Banquers* of your own Nation, or none will take it of your hands. And for *Latine*, it being no where a vulgar Language, but the *Sacred* and *Erasmo* Tongue, take even the *Clergy* and *Schoolmen* themselves (whose proper Language it ought to be) out of the *Church* or *Schools*, and you cannot doe them a greater displeasure, than speak *Latine* to them, so as it rather serves to interlard other Languages, than to make an intire meal of discourse, and but upon great necessity is never to be used. And now I'll tell you an observation or two concerning Languages, e'r I end this Letter ; and the first is, that (almost) all the Languages of Europe, are originally derived from the two main Fountains of the *Almain* or *Latine* Tongue, the *Italian*, *French* and *Spanish* branching from the last, as the *Dutch*, *Danish*, *English*, &c. from the first. The next is the influence they have, according as their Countryes, Border and Confine one upon another, or by flux and reflux of Trade ; The *Italian* for example being more Current in *Turky* than the *French*, for the first reason ; As the *French*

(for

(for the second) is more current than the Spanish there. The last is concerning your subordinate Languages, as the *Walloon* and *Lisgois* to the French, the *Portuguese* to the Spanish, and *Scotch* to *English*, &c. all which understand you in speaking the chief or Master Language, but not o'ch contrary, and all these your Master Language says use but their old abloet words; as Servants wear their Masters old Garments, but they (too proud to acknowledge this) say rather, that as old men keep constant to their old fashions, whilst their Sons refine dayly upon them in bravery, and change for new, so the plainesse of their Language, is but an Argument of the antiquity thereof. To conclude (*Mademoiselle*) twould be difficult for me to tell you which of these Languages serv'd me most in travelling about the world, were not the French that I have the happiness to converse with you in, whom I esteem above all the world besides, to that therefore I must give the preeminence, and subscribe as I do this Letter, with the Assurances that I am

Mademoiselle,

Yours, &c.

To the same.

Of the pronunciation of several Languages.

Mademoiselle,

IN my last I discou'red t'ye of several Languages; now if you please I'll treat of their severall pronunciation, and withall make a lazy *Apology* for my pronouncing them so ill: First then for *French*, you know the *Queen-Mother* would never suffer them to correct me when I err'd, saying, that *If they taught me to speak well, she should want the sport of hearing me speak so ill*; and betwixt the *Latin*, *Span ish* and *Italian* there is so little difference in most words, as what betwixt *negligence* and *inadvertance*, assured to be understood, though they pronounce them ill, few are carefull and curious enough to pronounce them well; besides their similitude is so great, as (like Twins of the same Parent) one hardly distinguishes them, which, similitude as it facilitates the understanding of them in general, so it renders the pronunciation of them in particular more difficult, so as I (for my part) count it as hard to speak pure and without mixture, as 'tis for your Water drinker there to spurt several Liquors out of his Mouth, without confounding the tast of *Bear* with *Vinager*, or *Aquavite* with *Wine*, &c. Besides

to one (like me) who regards more the matter than the words, and the words than the pronunciation ; and are of opinion that there is no supreme excellency in the world (besides only in your self) I count it as great trifling in him should seek to rid and weed his mouth of all *In propriety* of some words, and mispronouncing of other (in speaking other languages) as tis in him should go about to sweep an earthen floor too every grain of Dust, or rid a Garden from all its weeds, *quod erat nasciatur, vix posseatur*, that which is connatural to a thing being impossible to be avoyded. Suffice it then, that speak as well as one can other languages besides his own, unless from his Childhood he has been train'd up in them, In which case they are as natural to him as his own, and he shall speak with the allowance of a stranger still (It matters not much, whe'ret be a grain or two more or less) let me then understand a stranger Language, so as to make all I hear or read in it mine own, and speak it so as I may be understood, and let whose will take the bootless pains to pronounce it well, and have the reputation of an affected Traveller for me : To conclude (Mademoiselle) I shall never envy him who tells you in finer language than my self, that he is your most Humble Servant, &c. but 'twould infest me much that any one should be indeed more than I am

Mademoiselle

Tour, &c.

To

To Mademoiselle de B.

Of Fame.

Mademoiselle,

Considering the mighty *Elogiums* and magnificent pryses that has ever been given to Fame by all Kingdomes and Republiques on th'one side, the airinessse and the fabulousnesse of it on th'other side, it makes me half suspect that there is more of *Policy* than *Reality* in the thing; for who would doe great and noble Actions? who would expose their lives for their Countries? if somewhat beyond their Lives did not excite them to't? If the memory of what they did were terminated with themselves, or that memory nothing appertained to them when they were gone. Hence 'tis, that this is used as a spur to incite men unto Virtue; 'Tis Fames Trumpet, that encourages men, and edges them to valor, and the sound of this like that of Meliadre's Trophies to *Thersites*, is still resounding in our Ears, and animating us to great and noble Actions; But if (as I say) we examine on th'other side, the frivolousnesse of the Thing, we shall find our selves impos'd by *Antiquitie*, and conclude with that *Greek*, who taken with the voice of the *Nightingal*, and imagining it

some

some mighty thing, pluming it (for curiositie) and seeing what it was, cried out, *Vox est, & præteren nihil*, that 'twas a Voice, and nothing else. For first, if we consider the Fame of Writers, (in which the Fames of all others are included) both in its duration and Immensitie, (for these two, forsooth, they promise you, shall never be terminante, and alwayes permanent) if we consider, I say, unto how small a part and portion of the world their Fames can penetrate, how few understand their Language, and how few of those who do, can read it; and lastly how few of those who can are curious; surely instead of painting it with wings, we might more properly paint it with *Plumets* at the heels; and in lieu of imagining it flying about the world, we may imagine it rather pent up, and fluttering about some narrow *Bird-cage* or *volary*: So as 'tis as great a folly and vanity to imagine what we write in our Language, or any other *eruditæ Tongue* whatsoever, can make any far progresse in other Countries, as to imagine the sound of a Gymbal, or little Tinckling Bell could be heard over all the Universe. Then for the duration or perpetuating of it when I am dead, what availeth that me, or how can it more rejoice and delight me, than Musick playd at my Tomb or Monument? When I am nam'd; who rememb'res what I was? or when those are dead that knew me, who reflects upon my person bearing me mentioned; give me then *Fame alive*,

alive, and take whose list my Fame when
I am dead, which at most, is but as the
Echo of dying voices, or the perfume
of expiring Odours, rather shadows than
substances, and not so much as pictures, which
terminate at least the imagination to certain
species and Resemblances. And if any one
object, By this opinion all Incitement to Ver-
tue and to noble and Heroick Actions is ta'n
away; I absolutely deny it, and affirm that
the Fame we enjoy alive, and our Countries
and Families after our death, is sufficient in-
citemt, and encouragement enough: so as to
conclude, I must answer you, *Mademoiselle*,
demanding what Fame is, as that Antient did
him, who desir'd to know of him what *God* was,
That he would tell him on the morrow;
when summoned of his promise, he demanded
two dayes respite more: and so went multi-
plying Time and delays, till being prest at last,
he answered ingenuously, That before he
thought of it he imagined he knew it, but the
more he thought of it, the less he knew of it; and here (*Mademoiselle*,) before I conclude, that
the worshippers of this Fame may not think me
Atheist, I have made this following Hymn,
here to its honour, to acquit me of Im-
piety.

Fame that from great & noble Actions comes,
As precious Odours from Arabian Gums,
The shadow that from brighter verme flows,
And follows it along where er'er it goes,

The Echo of great names, the walking spight,
 And Ghost of mighty men, the Tripartite
 Division of us, when we're dead and gone,
 And working loss of's here, but there alone,
 When Heaven our Soul has (where it never
 dies).

The Earthenour Bodies, Name our Memories;
 Since only thon't is mak'ft our memories last,
 Nor can oblivion ever draw so fast
 Her Curtain on't, as thou't undrawn't aye,
 To shew the fairer Portrait of't to men:
 To whom, fair daughter of Eternitie,
 Should we commend our selves and work's, but
 thee,
 Through whose sole benefit 'tis, if we survive,
 Long as ther's worlds, or men be left alive.

XXXVI.

To Mademoiselle de Clerque at Gant,
 Anno 50.

wherein he declares the Life they led

in the Country.

Mademoiselle,

MY Indeavours have not been wanting,
 Nor ever shall, to maintain that good
 Intelligence betwixt her affez'd of Lorraine
 and

and you, who often mentions you with much honour and tendernesse, and the ofter perhaps for my giving her the occasion, She always honouring me with that complacency, to prosecute willingly that discourse which I begin, we often wish you here, and to incite you to visit us the sooner, I'll tell you how we passe our time. The mornings, having finished our Devotions, about an hour before dianer we have a little concert of Vials, Lutes, and Guitars, which we often vary, together with other pieces for more variety; neither the Dutchesse, Princesse, nor I, but play our parts on all, and if Mademoiselle de Beauvais be with us, as oftentimes she is; they sing 3 parts, to which I play the Base, nor shall you any where hear more excellent voices, nor airs more excellently sung; having dined, and some one or two hours past in pleasant conversation; If the day be fair, we goe abroad in Coach to take the Air, a second Coach following, and some Horie, besideth the Princesse in Side-Saddle, who takes much delight in her little Palfrey, and rides excellently well, though not above 12 year old: From our journey, which never ends without some Banquet or Collation, we return about Sun set, and dance Court and Country Dances, some hour or two before Supper, our company of Womenn Dancers, or Ladies of the Court being strong, but of men weak, unlesse some noblemen of Brussells or English Gentlemen come over to us, as ordinarily

harily they doe: After Supper we either play at Cards, or at the sports of wit and laughter, and all sorts of Paris Jeux; which ended, the *Duchesse* and *Princess* retire to their several Appartements, and each one to theirs; we having one main advantage here, to be free from the tyranny of Clocks, which tells you peremptorily what hours you must rise, eat, and go to bed at, whom you must punctually obey forsooth (as Sheep to Pasture, or Mens to roost) whether you have mind or appetite to't or no; or y'ar disorderly and irregular. An Order and Regularity a fixture for *Monks* and *Friars* than *Seculars*, for *Slaves* than *Freemen*; and for *Knaughting women* than *Ladies*. If yon like this life (*Mademoiselle*) do but come over to us, and you shall have your part of it, and find the *Duchesse* ready to welcome you, and me most ready to wait upon you, who am i besid a sonne, indeed
 and not a man, you will say, I know, but i
 alredy as often **Mademoiselle**

Now to That, &c.

To be done by the 1st of May / To be signed as
 done to you, in my hand this 2nd day of April
 in the year of our Lord 1616, in the 5th year
 of King James, by his Excellency Sir Francis Bacon
To

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais.

The Vices of evil Tongues Arraign'd.

Mademoiselle,

I Know not how you got the secret (but I'm
sure you have it) to charm ill Tongues, and
so stop the mouth of *Mesdisance*, as whilst e-
very one (almost) speaks ill of others, every
one speaks well of you; Is it because you speak
ill of none? and give none occasion to speak
ill of you? but they can doe it without occa-
sion, and when you give them none, can take
it of themselves; or is your high *Vertue* above
the reach of evil Tongues? but nothing in this
Age is above their reach, who are so curious of
finding fault, as where their eyes fail them,
they invent new *Prospectives*, to find spots out
even in the Sun it self; or is it lastly, a certain
Majesty in your person, that daunts and awes
them to Reverence? What ever it be, I must
admire and congratulate your felicity, and pro-
fesse my self as glad of't, (being to speak a-
gainst the Vices of Evil Tongues) as one
would be in a strange Country to find out one
that understood his own Language. Purpo-
sing then to arraign those Vices, I have cho-
sen you for Judge, the only Impartial one I
know of, that is not complice with the Grim-

nel. First Vice then I intend to call unto the barr, shall be *Mocking, Jeering, and Derision*, rather *Abuses* than *Crimes*, and next the more *Criminous ones of Catullus, and Derration*.

Of Mocking, Jeering, and Derision.

Mocking, Jeering and Derision, may be defin'd a malicious publishing of others Imperfections, with intent to render them ridiculous, (for if it be their Vices, 'tis *Reproach* and *Censury*, and done on purpose to render them odious,) and 'tis lawfull in no case, but only when Imperfections are affected, to laugh them out of them; whence 'tis good when us'd for *Physick*, but when only for *poison*, 'tis detestable. However, it becomes none but *Buffoons*, and under pain of becoming Ridiculous ones self, none is to endeavour to make others so. It tends to *Eamisie*, if it proceeds not thence; (for the faults of those we love, we seek to hide, and never seek to find fault with any, but those we care not for;) Mean time, whilst they imagin they shew their wits, they but shew their folly by't, and want of wit, none more foolishly purchasing Enemies, than they; it being as great a folly for a *Jest* to lose a Frend, as to sell ones *Horse* to buy him *Pra-vander*. 'Tis a dangerous Vice too, being commonly the occasion of quarrel, & whilst it

touches men where th'are most sensible) and therefore none but Women may safely use it; which is the cause (perhaps) why now adayes more women ar tainted with this vice than men. And if you mark it, their Mocking and Jeering at others, is principally for not being fine Gentlemen, and *a la mode* (forsooth) they learning by looking on their *Glasses*, to looke on nothing but superficial things; (having more regard to the discomposure of ones *Garments*, than of their *manners*, and the disorder of their *hair*, than of their *wind*) and for such as these, your blunt man marrs their mirth, his not being put out of Countenance by't, putting them out of countenance themselves: Such an one was our Countrymen Sir Roger Williams, an excellent Souldier, but a blunt Courtier, who coming to Court after the losse of *Saintes* in *Flandres*, and being jeer'd for it by the Ladies, with *Is this he that deliver'd up Saintes?* Pray let's see him, a daubry souldier no doubt he is. Answered them *brusquely*, "Yes Ladies, "I am he; and on so good conditions, there "is none of you, but would have deliver'd up "your *Saintes* too. Nor did he spare Queen Elizabeth her self, when waiting long at Court to deliver a certain Petition for arrears of pay, and the Queen not willing to see him, he one day Encountring her where was no avoyding him, she, to put him out of countenance, feign'd to smell some evil favour in the Room, crying nicely out, *Foh, What a stink's here!*

here? Williams, I think it be your Boots (said
 she) that smell so. No by —— said he, 'tis
 my Petition (*Madam*) I have kept it so long,
 e'r I could get it deliver'd. But to return to
 our subject. There are divers sorts of *Deri-*
sions and Mock-ry; Some by whisper, others
 more openly; some before ones face; others
 behind ones back; some finaly by laughing
 out-right, and others *Ironically*, and by di-
 sembled scorn: Of which, that of whisper is
 commonly the most offensive, which, whilst
 it takes away all place from Reply, leaves
 place to imagine the Injury greater than it is;
 whence, whilst the Affront perhaps regards
 but one, the Offence of it extends it self to all.
 Your publique way of Jeering is most dange-
 rous, and your secret more base and cowardly;
 above all your *Ironical* one does the least harm
 to those they mock, and the most to those who
 use it; it marring their Natures quite, and tea-
 ching them falsehood and dissembling. And
 generally those who are so diligent in marking
 others faults and Imperfections, must needs
 be full of Faults and Imperfections themselves;
 Since, whilst their minds are still abroad to ob-
 serve others faults, they can never be at home
 to mark and amend their own. In fine, how-
 ever light they make of it, they are to know,
 that no Generous spirit but can easilier brook
 Injury than Scorn, and the reparation of it
 too, is easier made: and that they but render
 themselves by it odious unto all, it being os-
 turual

tural for men to love those who esteem them, as tis to hate all those who disesteem them, (as those who mock and jeer them manifestly declare they do.) To conclude, I could wish them only to observe this rule, Never to say any thing of others, but what they would say before their faces, or what they would others should say of them behind their backs.

Of Slander, Calumnie, and Detraction.

But Mocking, Jeering, and Derision, are nothing to Slander, Calumnie, and Detraction. Those but point with the finger, but these brand in the forehead; those but strike, but these wound; let those say no more, and ther's an end, but these must unsay what they have said, and like venomous Beasts, resorb their own poyson, and like Witches and Sorcerers undo their own spells and charms, or the poison and the mischief remains still. To distinguish them, Detraction seeks to take away my Good name, and Calumnie to purchase me an ill. For Example, Detraction comes and says of one that's esteem'd an honourable and vertuous Lady, that she is not so honourable and vertuous as is imagined; when having laid the Egg, Calumnie comes and hatches it, saying that she has her Gallants too, as well as others; after which comes Slander, and for

conclusion, names persons, and charges her with certain Crimes; whence you see, the first has more of the Envy, and the second two more of the Malice; the first *Slights*, the second *Reproaches*, and third *Defames*; These (as those who have the Plague seek to infect others with their sores,) you shall alwayes find sowing of their malice in others minds; when take it for a General Rule, what ever they report to you of others, is either wholly false, or never wholly true; for they doing it to-mischief others, do it with all the malice they can devise, and owing a spight to those they calumniate; doe it, you may be sure, as spitefully as they can. But let them take heed, for where the Scripture says, we shall answer for every idle word, (such as is Mocking and Jeering) On the contrary, we shal never be able to answer for our spitefull and malicious ones, (such as are *Detracti-*
on, Slander, and Calumnie) whence it distin-
guishes, and says (in effect) that whosoever contristats and offends his brother, shall be lyable to Judgement; but whosoever injures and defames him, shall be lyable to Condem-
nation: but as there would be no *Thieves*, if there were no *Receivers*; so there would be no *Calumniators*, if none would give ear unto their *Calumnies*, wherfore 'tis rather our faults then, than theirs, who whilst we vainly imagin the depreſſing others a kind of exalting our ſelves, and that we are magnified, whilst others are leſſ-

lessened, if we truly consider it, we shall find we but depress & lessen our selves by it ; & declare our own indigence & want of worth the whilst, as Ladies who use painting or *choppins* do their want of beauty, and their own littleness : For me then, when any goes about to make me Enemy of any, I conclude he is their Enemy, and no friend of mine, with this dictick,

*'Who'd have me doubt another is my Foe,
First makes me doubt wh'er he's my friend'*

[or me.]

XXXVIII.

To the Lady, — An. 51

Of Secrets.

BETWIXT making a secret of every thing and nothing, there is a difference and mean, and great judgement is requisite to know what's to be kept secret, and what not : you shall have some of so *Laxative Tongue*, they are in pain to be delivered of all they know, and these are never to be intrusted with any reports above the Region of *Bake-house* or *Barbers* news : Others again are so Costive and hard-bound, as they will not tell you how they do without caution, and will whisper you

conclusion, names persons, and charges her with certain Crimes; whence you see, the first has more of the Envy, and the second two more of the Malice; the first *Slights*, the second *Reproaches*, and third *Defames*; These (as those who have the Plague seek to infect others with their sores,) you shall alwayes find sowing of their malice in others minds; when take it for a General Rule, what ever they report to you of others, is either wholly false, or never wholly true; for they doing it to-mischief others, do it with all the malice they can devise, and owing a spight to those they calumniate; doe it, you may be sure, as spitefully as they can. But let them take heed, for where the Scripture says, we shall answer for every idle word, (such as is Mocking and Jeering) On the contrary, we shal never be able to answer for our spitefull and malicious ones, (such as are *Detractiōn*, *Slander*, and *Calumnie*) whence it distinguishes, and says (in effect) that whosoever contristats and offends his brother, shall be lyable to judgement; but whosoever injures and defames him, shall be lyable to Condemnation: but as there would be no *Thieves*, if there were no *Receivers*; so there would be no *Calumniators*, if none would give ear unto their *Calumnies*, wherfore 'tis rather our faults then, than theirs, who whilst we vainly imagin the depressing others a kind of exalting our selves, and that we are magnified, whilst others are

lessened, if we truly consider it, we shall find we but depress & lessen our selves by it, & declare our own indigence & want of worth the whilst, as Ladies who use painting or choppins do their want of beauty, and their own littleness : For me then, when any goes about to make me Enemy of any, I conclude he is their Enemy, and no friend of mine, with this distick.

*Who'd have me doubt another is my Foe,
First makes me doubt wh'er he's my friend
[or no.]*

XXXVIII.

To the Lady, — An. 51

Of Secrets.

B Etwixt making a secret of every thing and nothing, there is a difference and mean, and great judgement is requisite to know what's to be kept secret, and what not : you shall have some of so *Laxative Tongue*, they are in pain to be delivered of all they know, and these are never to be intrusted with any reports above the Region of *Bake-house* or *Barbers* news : Others again are so Costive and bard-bound, as they will not tell you how they do without caution, and will whisper you

you the Weather and Time of the day as a
 great secret. When you hear one say, *I know*
more than I will or dare speak of, &c. know 'tis
 but a call for the *Curious* and *Inquisitive*, & he
 longs to tell it you; so when you see any *Inqui-*
sitive, you may conclude them talkers too, and
 but factors & ingrosers of news only to divulge
 it afterwards. These are those who with their
 reports Embroyl themselves and others, so
 sophisticating what they hear (as *Hucksters* do
 their ware) as e'r it passe their mouths, you
 may be sure 'tis either wholly false, or never
 wholly true, they corrupt & fly-blown it so with
 their reporting it; and such should be banisht
 all civil company, where they only sow the
 seed of lies, mistake and quatrel: For my part,
 I observe this rule in all companies where I
 come, never to speak anything of others that
 may do harm; but on the contrary all the
 good I can; for example, when I say *this* or
this such an one said of you, &c. It shall be
 so advantagious to either, as to beget
 a good opinion and intelligence in both;
 But what if they did not speak well of
 them; will you say? why in that case I'll tell
 the speaker of it, not those are spoken ill of;
 for this may mend matters, tother but make
 them worse, and exasperate them the more;
 for the rest, what every one may know, I'll
 make no dainty to tell every one; for he to no
 purpose gets the reputation of close and shy,
 who is continually reserv'd; and who on or-
 dinary

inary occasions is so cautious, for extraordinary reserves no caution for himself. Above all, I'll willingly participate no secret which others may know besides my self, not to be responsible for their blabbing it, neither are they more secrets infus'd into many conscious breasts, than waters are Rivers when cut into many branches & Rivolets. In fine, *Madamoiselle*, as that Princes Favourite was wise who when his Pr. demanded of him what he should impart unto him of all he had? answered any thing, but his secrets, and so say I: Wherefore chide me and spare not, if ever you perceive me inquisitive of others secrets, or injurious in my reports of them, and this Madam I give you under my hand, that when I transgresse herein, this Letter may be witnessc against me of that want of Temper and discretion that is requisite in one that has the honour to be

Madam.

Your, &c.

XXXIX
To the Lady, —

How we are to condemn the Calumnies of the world.

I Never knew any one nobly eminent in any kind but they were envyed and calumniated; It being the nature of base and low spirits, despairing to arrive to that height, to which others by their merits and excellencies are attain'd, to seek by detraction to pluck them down as low as they; nor will it be ever so happy with the world, to have more Emulators than Envious: Emulation making men strive to be as good as others, but Envy to make others as bad as it, whence this vice is only found amongst the worser sort, to whom every one that's better than they seems to exprobate their being so ill; so as 'tis either some particular hate or self love that blinds them from seeing their own faults as well as those of other mens, else they would never calumniate others as they do, if they but considered, that one ought to be most clear themselves of those faults they reproach to others, and he who cheaply sells others fame (upon th' accompt) makes but the Market to buy his own. Mean while it being as impossible all should speak well, as that all should

should do well, and 'tis not what we are, but what they are that make them speak ill of us: we are to indeavour so to live, as our lives may give the lie to their reports; and that they may never say true any harm of us, and let them say false what they please, twill be more their own harm than ours.

To this purpose (Madam) I'll tell you a pleasant story, which I use often to recount, when I would laugh at these busie Censurers of others Actions. An *Old man* and his *Son* (a young stripling) travelling on the way, the *Boy* mounted on an *Aſſe*, the *Father* trudging it on foot; The first Company they met began to revile the *Boy*, calling him ungracious *Rascal*, was he not ashamed to ride, and let his *Father* walk on foot (nor must you imagine the charitable preſage of hanging was forgot amongst them.) At this the *Boy* desired his *Father* to get up, and let him walk on foot; which being done, the next Company revil'd the *Father* as much as formerly tother had done the *Son*, calling him hard-hearted and cruel (strong and robustous as he was) to ride, and let the Tender Infant walk on foot; when the *Father* to content them took up his *Son* behind him, and so they jogg'd on a while, till the next Company raid on them afresh, for over-burthening the poor *Aſſe*, calling them more Beasts than he (nor did the *Aſſe* ever know before how many friends he had amongſt the multitude) when to content these,

at last the *Father* and *Son* both light and lewd
the *Aſſe*, which when the next Company espied,
they laught at them more than the others had rail'd at them before, calling them
a hundred fools, to tire and weary themselves
having an *Aſſe* to ride on: When the Good
man perceiving the impossibility of contending
the world, and avoiding its censure, wisely
resolv'd thereafter to content himself,
and let them judge and censure him as they
pleas'd.

And 'twas a wise resolution, I having found
by experience, that one sooner stops the
mouth of Calumnie by a resolute going on
their way, than a too nice fear of irritating it,
it being of the nature of Cowards, the
more you fear it, the more outragious it
becomes, and the vulgar like *Apelles Coblar*,
but care for its censure once, and they will
never leave censuring you; Mean time I know,
as the *Apoſtle* says, that I am debtor in point
of Fame both to the foolish and the wise, but
if they wo'nt accept the payment, when tis
lawfully tendered them, but find fault and
cavill still; let them still remain unsatisfyed
for me, and for that *vaſcandal*, that *noe to*
scandal, 'tis to be understood where *scandal*
is given, not where 'tis taken before 'tis gi-
ven.

To conclude this point, never brave spirit
yet, car'd what the Vulgar said, nor ever was
brave nor noble Action perform'd by those
that

that did. Insomuch as *Alcibiades* would administer them matter himself to censure him. *Alexander* gloried in it affirming nothing was more great, nor *Kingly*, than to do well, and hear ill for it; and *Aristides* was so offended at the peoples speaking well of him, as he askt his Friends, not without Indignation, What ill he had done that he should deserve it at their hands.

But what should we goe so far for Examples, when we have others nearer home, I rememb're to have heard of the late Earl of *Exeter*, how (amongst his many other Excellent Apothegms) he demanded one day of his Lady, Whether none spoke ill of him? and she assuring him they were so far from it, as (on the contrary) every one spoke well of him; *Mary*, and *I am sorry for it*, said he, for 'tis a sign I have nothing of extraordinary; they being most commonly your ordinariest persons of whom the world speak well, with the slight commendations of *Oh he is a good man! An honest man! &c.* But God be thanked there is no great danger of that in the Age wherein we live, *Calumny* being so universal a Trade now, as every one is of it; Neither need you take care to afford them matter, for they can make it of themselves, and out of themselves (as the Spider does.) So whilst twas the Custom in antient Times (when there was more Charity in the world) to excuse the Act by the Intention, we are now arriv'd

riv'd to such a height of uncharity to condemn the Intention, when we can't the Act, at least, calling Devotion, Hypocrisie; Honest Liberty, Dissolutenesse; Complacency, Flattery; nor is there any Action so Good, they cannot find a bad name for; nor intall upon't an ill intention, insomuch as one was so injurious to his Mistris Beauty not long since to say,

" Cease jealous Thoughes, and chuse resolute at last,
" She has more Beautie than becomes the Ghost,

Worthy of no Mistris, but such an ugly one as none should Love but he, who would incite Deformity, rather then Beauty to vertue, against the intention of Nature, with whom it implies a certain fitnesse to conserve choicest Jewells in the fairest Cabinets, and to lodge the noblest persons in the stateliest Palaces; Yet such is the Iniquity of the Times, as Beauty only, because 'tis Beautiful, is calumniated now, as Vertue, because 'tis out of fashion: And this Madam is just your case, whose excessive Beautie makes you not onely the mark of Envious Eyes, but also of malicious Tongues, to spit their venome at, whilst defended by your Innocence, their poyson, like the Cockatrices, but returns upon themselvess. Mean time thank your beauty (Madam) or rather he who gaveit you, for delivering you by it from the many vices of your detractors;

you having too many perfections to envy the praise of them in others, or to calumniate that in them, which is so praise-worthy in your self, whilst you need not vex Nature nor your self, as they do, to become fairer than you are. To whom (or rather to the Truth indeed) I must give this Testimony , that having as a Spy of all that's fair and good , travail'd almost o'r all the world, I never met with greater Beauty accompanied with greater Innocence , nor one who thought lesse harm, because she did none , nor judg'd lesse ill of others, because she knew none in her self, and of this your chearfulness and freedom of behaviour is to me sufficient Argument ; Those who dissemble most commonly over-doing , whilst they are over-anxious to do enough ; whilst who are secretly immodest, cloath'it in an outward demureness, and feign'd modesty, which most commonly, like Gold gilt , shews fairer than Gold it self:

If any fault then there be, tis in the Time it self, which though it can never warrant bad Actions, can render Indifferent warrantable at least, and so I see no reason but our behaviour , as our fashions, may alter with the times, and become more large or strait, as the fashions are. To conclude this point, what is affected is deform'd, as what is naturall is ever becoming, as 'tis (Madam) in you to be cheerfully free, and in a word, your self : In which I wish

none to imitate you, if they be not of your disposition, nor you to alter, unleſſe you be of theirs.

Be still then your ſelf (Madam) in ſpite of your Detractors; that is, one of the faireſt and beauteuſteſt creatures in the world, and let none make you leſſe Good, by calumniating your Goodneſſe as they do; And in conlufion assure your ſelf, that as you ſhall uer want Detractors of the bazer ſort: (as are all ſuch who detract from you) So of the better and nobler you ſhall never want Admirers and Honourers: amongſt the reſt (Madam) I hope more than one Age, as more than one Nation ſhall teſtifie how muſh I am your Faithfull Honourer and Admirer.

XL.

To Mademoiſelle de B.

Of Affection.

Mademoiſelle,

You know the Sun with his beams chears not, nor is more diſſuſively good, than her Highneſſe with her preſence. who Yeſterday was pleas'd to grace a Country Wedding here with her Company, where the Country people (you may imagine) put on

on their best Mine to entertain her, and the Dauncers set the best foot forwards to shew their Agilities: Amongst the rest a Country Fellow laid about him with Arms and Leggs, so as I look'd still when they would fly off from him, and fear'd ever and anon as he approach'd me lest he would throw them at my head, as Boyes do Cudgels at Plum-trees. Verily, *Mademoiselle*, never any Wheel so whirl'd about, nor speaks e'r turn'd so fast, so as you could not perceive which part of him was upwards, or which was undermost; yet did he imagin he daunc't excellent well, and was the more confirm'd in it, the more we laugh'd at him: such Fools self-opinion makes of men, whilst it hood-winks them so, they cannot see their own Imperfections, and so besots them, as they imagine none else does; Nay, makes them mistake Vices and Faults for Imperfections; Whereupon I considered the deformity of Affectation, which makes people so anxious to do enough, as most commonly they over-do, and all Excesse you know is Vicious, as all that's vicious is ugly and deform'd. In fine, after the poor fellow had taken pains a great while to make himself Ridiculous, he gave over for pure weariness, and all panting, looke about to see who commended him, when frustrated of his expectation, he was as much dejected with the want of it, as he was elated with the expectation of it before: so it exposes us not only to the Derision

sion of others, but to dejection also in our selves. You see the use I make of my time in every place, and how I Philosophy on every thing, with only this difference, that where you are, my meditations are delightfull and serious; wher you are not, every thing seems to me Irksom, and ridiculous; no more but the *tres-bumble baissements* of all the Ladies of our Court, and of Mademoiselle.

Your, &c.

XLI.

To Mademoiselle de B. Anno 51.

Inviting her into the Country, the Plague being hot at BRUXELLES.

Mademoiselle,

IT being absolutely necessary in these dangerous Times, that you quit Bruxelles; 'tis concluded in a Council of War, to use all means of perswasion, force and stratagem, to make you abandon it. First we send you Master John here, to make you an eloquent Oration with all his *Tropes* and *Figure*, and his *Topiccs de bono studio, & deliciabili*, to persuade you into the Country; neither wants he his flowers of Rhetorick out of Cicero, and the Muses Garden, far beyond all the Gardens

dens you have at Bruxelles. If that won't do, we are resolv'd to try force an other while; to which end we'll implore the assistance of our *Ladies of Succour* by our Ambassadour Sir *Toby Matthews* (powerfull with Ladies as you know) and old Monsieur *Hurdlestone* with his Baston of Marishal de camp shall lead the succours up. If that fail, we'll employ stratagem, and *Gros Jean* shall be workt to undermine you in the Sellar he has in keeping under your *Appartement*, or if he can't be corrupted, we'll employ some *Holland* ingenier to derive all the *Spa* water from *Bruxelles* bither, that you may be inforc'd to come and take it here. In fine we are resolved to use all possible means to make you leave the Town, when having got you here, we will erect a *Trophy* of Bottles on the place, and drinking you health in pure *Moselle* wine, so triumph for it here, as you shall not need to envy them the recreations of the *Spa*, we'll walk i'th' mornings, and ride abroad to take the Air every afternoon, & instead o'th' Meadow, we'll dance here on the green a *Chanson*, and our six and *Thirty English* dances every night; After which, Madamoiselle, twill be time, I think, to bid you Good night.

Tour, &c,

K₃ A 81125 T.

XLII

To Mademoiselle —

*Taking Exceptions at somew^t at he
had writ.*

Mademoiselle,

ILay me down most humbly at your feet,
Demanding your pardon —

Mademoiselle,

VHAT should I say, or what should I
not say in my excuse? —

Mademoiselle,

TO say your Exceptions were not just, were
to accuse you, and to say they were, were
to accuse my self —

Mademoiselle,

THAT Friend that suspects me without
cause, must attend lessie satisfaction from
me than an Enemy —

Mademoiselle,

NEver was man so Embarras'd and perplext
as I ; not knowing betwixt the too
humble, and the too brave, what to
say. Ther's none then your self, I'm
yer understands Rais'ry, nor better

distinguish betwixt the *Gentle* and *Piquant*, yet do you interpret to evil sence and intention my but naming the *Duke* of — and deducing a parallel betwixt the shynes of *Damsels* in this age, and those in the days of *Knights Errantry*, who were not afraid to encounter *Cavaliers* alone in Wildernesses; whilst those now a days are afraid to meet them in a *Park* or *Garden*, and that in Company. I pray Madamoiselle hereafter have more bouuty for me, and declare your self at least so much my friend, as not to look on me as an *Enemy*; for if you did not, you could not interpret my words so sinisterly as you do.

There are some Pictures so contriv'd, as look on them on't one side, and they appear *Angels*, on't other *Devils*, and in the middle *Men*. Just such things are words (the Pictures of our mind) a *Friend* intreptets them to *good*, an *Enemy* to *evil*, and one indifferent to neither. How, Madamoiselle, I should esteem of you, declare I beseech you by your more favourable interpretation of all I write and do, whilst how you should esteem of me all I write and do shall testifie, which is, that I am

Madamoiselle,

Yours, &c.

XLII.

Per speculum in Enigmate.
 Or a Mirour in Enigma presented
 to the Princes of LOREIN:

Spoken by the Mirour.

Madam,

AS 'tis the fashion of all those who present their services to any one, to declare their Countries, Birth, and Quality, your Highness may please to know that I am *Venetian* by Nation, of as Illustrious Extraction as any *Magnifico* of them all, and of a Family as unble misht and untainted; for my Qualties, I am sincere, and tell others there faults without flattery, and that so far from humour of finding fault, as I tell them as well their vertues and perfections too. I am strangely fantastique (I must confesse) wearing my cloaths within, as others do without, and so awkward, as where others use their right hand, I use my left; For the rest, (to contesse my weaknesse) I am most frail, and subject to fall, if I be let look'd well unto, and am so weak of constitution, as 'tis a hundred to one afterwards, if ever I recover it. In fine, I am somwhat of the nature of a *Cameleon*, changing colour often by reflexion; nay, what is yet more strange,

I often change Complexion and Sexes too, being now fair, now fowl, now a Woman, now a Man, though I'm oblig'd out of Gratitude to love more the Feminine Sex, and can assure your Highnesse on my faith, I am never fairer than when you look on me.

XLIV.

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais,
in Raillerie,

On his being King on Twelf-night.

Anno 51.

Mademoiselle,

Pythagoras (or I imagin) would never have been such an Enemy to Beans, had he received such favours from them as I have done, who by the Suffrage of one am chosen King to night; Think me not now one of those who change their natural Condition, with the condition of Fortune, and wax proud with their honours. Ne, more I am in capacity of doing good, more good I mean to do; and I promise you on my Royal word, my Subjects here shall all have cause to rejoice whilst I reign over them, my raign shall be nothing but one continued Feast, which they

they shall celebrate with joyful acclamation,
nothing shall be consum'd but in the Kitchen;
and nothing be exhausted but the Cellar, I will
do Grace to all, and no Justice shall be done,
but in drinking healths, amongst the rest Ma-
damoiselle, yours shall not be forgot, and
think but what Grace I may do you, and ac-
count it done.

Il Rey.

The Answer,

A sa Majeste Flecknotique.

SA Majesté scaura que je me rejoie Insine-
ment de son heureux avencement a sa coronne,
et je le crois d'autant plus facilement, pour ce que
l'on a toufiours este d'opinion du temps passé, que
les Royaumes seroient heureux quand les Rois
seroient philosophes ou les philosophes Roys. J'esi-
pere que vostre Regne en sera extrêmement, et
que vostre grandeur n'empeschera pas, qu'il
ne se souvienne de ma petitesse.

The same in English.

To his Flecknotique Majesty.

YOur Majesty may please to know that I re-
joyce exceedingly for his happy accession
to the Crown, which I easily believe will be the
more

more happy, since Antiquity has alwayes been
of opinion, that then Kingdoms would be
happiest, when Philosophers were Kings, or
Kings Philosophers; according to this, I e-
steem your Kingdom very happy, and hope
your Greatnesse will not hinder you from re-
membering one so little as I,

Yours, &c.

To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, An. 51.

On his leaving BREEN.

Mademoiselle,

I Am looket on here as an Ingrosser of her
Highness favours, which (having no Intrest)
I have no Arts at all to conserve, but only my
sincere honouring her; for the rest, I have so
little complacency (I profess) as I imagin 'twere
too much spending on the main stock, to be
complacent to all, and every one thinking they
deserve it, imagine they are injur'd if they have
it not: this makes those Enemies, whom I care
not to make my Frends. Since then those who
live in Court, are like those who Embarque on
Sea. The Prince is the Sea, your open *En-*
emies, the *winds*, and secret ones, the *rocks* and
shelves; You, who are not only my *Cynostara*,
or Pole-star by whom I direct my course, but
my

My Pilot, who are also to direct me, knowing better than I the nature of those Seas, will be carefull I hope to preserve me from these rocks and shelves, and for greater storms I will take care my self, who am of the nature of your *Holland Yanges* or Barks of pleasure, which when any storm arise, put to land presently and secure themselves; and just as in those *Boats*, when the Sea is calm, and the Skie fair and serene, you shall hear nothing but laughing and meriment, but when storms arise, and the clouds gather together once, they are all hush'd, and there's an End of their Joviality; so I lose my good humour straight, when I perceive any clowdy countenances, as I imagin I doe here now. You'll say perhaps, 'tis but my Imagination. It may be so, however I'll retire a while, so shann't I break with my Frends, but avoid breaking with them, it being not my manner, who love not to be treated with Indifference, much lesse neglect, to importune any with my Company, longer then they may take delight in it: so shall they return to't with appetite again, which else, as meats they are once cloyd with, they always look afterwards on with loathing & nautiousnes. Besides, I find it no ways conduced to my health, to remain longer here this Winter, which (as a hole in the wall, is no part of the building) is so deep sunk in a bottom, as it seems no part of the world, there being a hole in *Ireland* they call *Purgatory*, and another in

in the Isle of *Lipary* they call *Hell*, but if ever there were any place that deserves the name of both, in my conceit 'tis this, You see how *Satyrical* discontent makes a man; and in the humour I am in, will excuse I'm sure my leaving *Breen*, only with intention, when they and I am am in better humour, to return again; Mean time (Mademoiselle) I beseech you conserue me, not only in your good graces, but also in theirs, to whom I am, and ever shall be as I am to you

Mademoiselle,

Your &c.

XLVII

To the Lady Tenham: An. 54:

In sending her a Song or Ballad.

Madam,

I send you here a Song made upon this occasion: The other night almost all the Ladies of the Time were in the Garden, with none to wait on them but my self, when if a Handkerchief but fell, I must strait reach it up, and with a couple of reverences, and kissing my hand, deliver it them again. If a Fan dropt, I was to do the like, and if a Glove were lost, like a good Water Spaniel I must go hunt it out

(54.)
out; and fetch it them again. In the 'twas
impossible Sir *Toby Matthews* himself a-
mongst so many Ladies could have been busi-
er than I was, nor more officious; with which
notwithstanding I was so wearyed at last, as
returning to my Chamber I made this follow-
ing Song, In revenge of those who left me all
alone under so great (yet honourable,) a bur-
then.

SONG.

I

Now into what Times
Are we fallen for our Crimes,
Or what ever the matter of't may be;
It does not afford
So much as a Lord
To wait upon a Lady:
But now all alone
A walking they come,
With none to wait upon them;
Your Gallants are grown
Such tarriers at home,
A Murrain and Shame light on them.

3

I'st boldnesse they lack,
They are grown so slack,
Or each turn'd Woman hater,
Or money they want,
Of which store God grant,
Or what the Devil's the matter;
But yet we behold
Them dayly more bold,
And their Lands to Coin they distil ye,
And then with the Money
You see how they run ye,
To lose it at Pickadilly.

3

Your Country Squire
I far more admire,
(Whose Father that's dead God pardon)
He knows 'tis the fashion
To give them Collation,
Who go to the Park and the Garden;
Whilst he of the Town
Is grown such a Clown,
To wait on them he is unwilling;
But away he does run,
When the Ladies do come,
And all for to save his Ten shilling.

4

But Ladies you'll see,
Be ruled by me.
And this quarrel will soon be amended;
Upon them but from,
When you have share at some,
And all this quarrel is ended;
Sharp Hawks we are sure
Will come to the Lure,
Then of Favours in private but starve
And strait you will see (then
In publick they'll be
More ready and glad to deserve them.

~~more ready & glad to deserve them~~

XLVIII

To Cloris, Anno 54:

On her going out of Town.

SEE fair Cloris how you deal with us, yet M
left us in the Spring to deprive us of Flow- I
ers, and you leave us now in Summer to de- I
prive us of the fruit of them; but you know I
what you doe; two Suns at a Time would be I
too much now in the Town, and therefore to I
prevent plagues and Calentures, you go out of I
it; but now our better Sun is gon into the C
Country

Country, what should we do here; where
that we have, only serves to scorch and burn,
not to comfort us: It being more safe and
comfortable then to follow you into the
Country, than longer to remain in Town here;
If now we suffer by your absence, we may
thank our selves, and none would pity our
complaining of it, when we might enjoy your
presence with but only going after you. Expect
me then next week with you (fairest Cloris)
and if you find not yet in my Heart the Rea-
sons for it; look but in your Glassie at least,
and you'll find it in your Face, the Sun never
attracting more flowers, than that does
hearts to follow it, and amongst the rest (if
not above the rest) that (Aimeablest Cloris)
of

Yours, &c.

XLIX

To the Lord Rich.

you My Lord,

I Have considered since I saw you last, what
I vain boast 'twas in those who threatned (on
how I know not what particular picque and quar-
rel of their own) to deprive me of all my
friends; for besides few are so indigent of E-
t omies now a day, as they need to take them
th up on others scores; If another can deprive

the of them , they are no friends of mine , and
 to imagine others should be angry with them
 when they are angry , is as great a folly , as
 to imagine others should be sick with them
 when they are sick ; besides I should be very
 greedy of the store , should I not content my
 self with those for friends , (should they de-
 prive me of all the rest) whom they have for
 Enemies ; but all this proceeds from their not
 considering the differences between Acquain-
 tances and Friends , which are so hard indeed
 to distinguish (but on such occasions) as pray
 tell them when you see them) they shall much
 pleasure me to do it for me , when with all their
 blustering they shall do me no more harm by it ,
 than the wind does to the Trees , by blow-
 ing off their old wither'd eaves , to make
 place for new flourishing ones ; Mean time I
 assure my self , My Lord , you are none of those
 who think those that cry loudest have the
 greatest wrong , when 'tis rather their weak-
 nesse than any just provocation of mine , un-
 lesse they take it for an injury and affront , that
 I'd receive none from them . For me , though I
 should not be so good a friend , unlesse I knew
 how to be as bad an Enemy ; yet I profess I
 had rather contend with them in any quarrel ,
 than in such an one , where 'tis a greater
 shame to overcome , than to be overcome , qual-
 so tell them , if you please My Lord ,
 assur your self from him who knows not to
 dissemble , nor to be other than

L.

To the Lady

*Of the Temple of Friendship, a Tragi-comedy
he was writing, with the character of
the Persons.*

Friendship being our second Religion ; and so main a part of our first, I have design'd to present it so beautiful to the Eye, as all should be ravish'd with its Love and Admirati-
on. To this end I have personated it in the loveliest sex, and that betwixt persons of the same sex too, for avoiding all suspect ; *Friend-
ship being nothing but Love strip'd of suspi-
cion of Harm.* For representing it by Ladies, after the like example of the Queen and her Ladies here formerly, & of the greatest Ladies & Princesses in *Spain, France Flandres, and else-
where,* I thought none reasonably could take exceptions, nor think me too ambitious in't, es-
pecially I having been long Time train'd up & conversant in the Courts of the greatest Queens and Princesses in *Europe,* and consequently not altogether ignorant of personating and pre-
senting them according to their dignity and quality.

First then for *Blondinia* and *Lindiana*, I make them vindicating to their Fair Sex, all the Nobleness & Generosity as ever was in man,

and to their Friendship all the dearnesse and tendernes as evr was in Love.

For the two Princesses *Martiana* and *Philothaea*, I make them of equal perfection, though of different disposition (like *Pamela* and *Philoclea* in the *Arcadia*) high minded, magnanimitous, excelling in all the Vertues of great Princes, and not to make them more than Princes, subject too to their noble Vices of Anger, Ambition, &c. To shew in fine that they are not vertuous by chance, but by choice and Election, since they may be otherwise.

For *Bellara*, she is a person whose divine Conversation would even make you doubt whe's she were humain or no. Her wisdom is so great as there is no Labyrinth in this world she would not help you out of, by conecting a Thread of first and second causes together. She has charge both of the Altar and Oracle, yet is her breath the purest Alcar, and mouth the truest Oracle: so as in following her opinion, you are surd of Truth for guide, and in following her Example you are surd of Heaven for Friend.

For *Euphemia*, so young yet as she is but a Nymphine, and under *Bellaras* tuition, she is as pure a breſt as like white paper she is apted for receiving all the others divine Precept and Impressions: so as you may well gueſſe what she will be hereafter, by what the other ſaint presents.

For Campane laſtly, and the reſt, we may ſee

well say of them, that as those who play the Fools part in the Play, are most commonly the wisest men : so those are most commonly the best *Actors*, who play those Treacherous parts, and though they be not lookt on with such gracious Eyes for the persons they represent ; yet certainly they are most Admir'd, when they represent them well, as Painters when they paint some ugly Body to the life.

For the Plot, to give you some light of it, I feign a Commonwealth of Amazons, and (to render it more probable than other) of peacefull ones, sent there in Colony, though for the greater variety distemper'd into Warr ; in which (Heraines as they are) you are not to wonder, to see them do Actions of greatest Heroies, and capable of all the Heroical Exploits you admire of men in Story. I having found in your noble Sex a capacity of the Excellency I ever yet found in man.

LI.

To Lilly

Drawing C L O R I S picture

Stay daring man, and till perchance thou
finds
Colours so rare, and of such orient worth,
To paint bright Angels, or Celestial minds,
Never presume to paint bright *Cleris* forth.

Till from all Beauties thou extracts the Grace,
And frō the Sun beams gets the dazzling thred,
Never presume to draw that Heavenly face,
Nor those bright radient Tresses on her head.

Yex not thy Art, the while, t' expresse th'e-
clate.

That from her Beauty and her Eyes do shine,
All earthly things thy Art can imitate,
But *Cleris* Eyes and Beauty are devine.

What needs thou then the bootless labour take,
When none can paint her out to her desart,
She that's above all Nature e'r did make,
Much more's above all can be made by Art.

But yet go on too, since who ere does see't,
At least with admiration must confess'e,

It has an Air so most divinely sweet; (lesse.)
 'Tis more than others, though than hers much

So they who shoot at Heaven, though they
 propose

Themselv's a Butt, to hit they ne'r may hope,
 Level and shoot far higher yet than those,
 who aim but at some Tree, or Houses top.

Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace,
 T' have fail'd where none could hit and know
 (In fine)

(Unto thy higher praise) the cause of' r was,
 Her too great Ex'e[n]ce , and no want of thine.

• Del)

doubt

LII

and

to

the

end

To the Lady Biron.

On the black hair of a fair Lady.

Rarest of all that nature ever made,
 Light in the dark, and Sun-shine in the
 Shade.
 Tresses so black, and Eyes so fair and bright
 As it a mixture seems of day and night
 Wonder ! whence this so strange conjunction
 Of meeting oposit and extremes should come!
 Did Nature fear, when those fair Eyes she
 made.

They'd not have shone so bright unlesse they
 had;

Foil of black hair, to set them off, or did (hid
 She with those shadowy Curtains keep them
 Lest their so radiant and resplendent light,
 Should dazzle our weaker sight, and blind us
 quite.

Or to defend us from their scorching Rayes,
 This needfull shelter she invented has ;
 As in the torrid *Lybian* desart, where
 Th parching Sun shrinks up the Traveller,
 To a nontide shade, black clouds she does pro-
 vide.

Poor fainting wretches from its beams to hide,
 Or caule 'tis controverted which does make,
 the perfects Beauty, or the fair or black,

Did

Did she together curiously place
The choice of either's Excellence in in her face.
Or is't the Harmony she's within doth make,
Her outward form, o' th Harmony partake ;
Discord in concord so has reconcil'd,
She's sweetly rigid, and severely mild.
She's simply wise, modestly confident,
Grayly pleasant, and wittily innocent :
What ever 'tis our wonders all will case,
When we shall hear 'tis *Biron* is all this;
Or rather (*Madam*) we shall wonder more,
Hearing you mention'd, than we did before.
Since all must needs confess, beholding you,
Your Beauty's Beauty and Admiration too.

LIII.

To Briget Countess of Desmond.

*In Excuse of his no sooner celebrating her
praises.*

Madam,

You being all Admirable as you are,
No wonder yet I never did declare,
But in an Aspiration or two,
The Admiration which I have for you,
For Silence (Admirations tongue) can best
Speak that, by words can never be exprest ;
For 'tis not with me, as with one that has
Some slight and easie subject for his praise ;

For

For plain and obvious Texts all at first view
 Can understand, but one must study you :
 So th' superficial Beauty of a face
 Each superficial brain knows how to praise,
 And th' shallower bosom every shallow wit
 Can dive into, and sound the depth of it.
 But your fair soul, so deep, and so profound,
 Few wits have fathom-line enough to sound ;
 And for each several Grace one might agen
 Number as well the Starres as number th'm ;
 Besides, what most perplexes, is to see
 You equally possest to Excellency
 Of all th' perfections of your fairer sex
 And equal, not unequal, does perplex —
 So as whilst others th' subjects penury
 Deters, 'tis th' store only deterreth me ,
 When seeing so much to praise in you, I'm lost,
 Not knowing what in you to praise the most.
 Thus y'ave the Reason of my praising you
 No sooner now, but (filly) what do I do,
 He's a mere Trifler and nothing does,
 In general terms, praises a subject thus,
 And should I to particulars descend,
 'Twere easier to begin than e'r to end.

To CLORIS.

C^m Cloris ne'r think that I should whyne and
 At Womens humors & Inconstancy, (cry
 Or, like the Amorous Knights in the *Romance*,
 Look pale for't, sound, & fall into a Trance.
 I know you love to change, & would that you
 Shu'd know, that I can change as easily too,
 When summ of all the harm can come of it,
 Is, you leave me, I you, and so w' are quit.
 Mean time yours, & not mine shall be the loss,
 When *Cloris* forth in all her bravery goes.
 Contending whe'r the gandy *Spring* or She,
 To eyes and hearts more ravishing shu'd be,
 T' have none with praise usher her forth, & say,
 This is the *Spring*, tother but only *May*,
 This, this is she, so glads these hearts of ours,
 Whilst that glads only Trees and fencelesse
 flowers,

And more to heighten th' glory of the *Spring*,
Birds do but chirp, *Cloris* does only sing.
 Be then my Goddess, as you were before,
 Or ne'r expect such offrings from me more,
 And as propitious as y'ar wont to be,
 Or you have lost a worshiper of me,
 Who never yet a Reverence did bear
 To Deities, wou'd be only serv'd for scarr:
 So your young Novice in Religion,
 If's Goddess frown, thinks he is quite undon,
 And

And fondly superstitions seeks in vain,
By Prayers and Tears her favour to obtain,
Whilst th'old Egyptian Idolater
His Idol fire to Nylw bank does bear,
And 'lesse he finds it in a better mood,
Do's threatē straight to quench it in the stoud.

LV.

To the Lady Elizabeth Darcey.

The Farewell.

Madam,

To my departing Grief tis some allay, (stay
That all my better Thoughts with you do
Whilst only thought of you I bear away.

So wheresoever Absence us confiner,
I can never seperate resolved minds, (bines
Whom mutual bonds of thought so fast com;

What need I care then whilst from you I part,
So long as you are present to my heart,
Wher Eyes or no i'th' joy have any part.

Eyes are dull instruments, that only hew
Out forms i'th' mind, with oft repeated view,
Or being decay'd those forms again renew.

Whence,

Whence, as 'twere folly in Painters more to stare
O'th person, when their Pictures finisht are :
So 'twere in me, for Eyes now more to care.

Howe'r since Friendship and Suspicion
Trade both in the same mind, I've but this one
Boon (Madam) to crave of ye, and I have don.

And tis t'assure ye, I am none does take
The last Impression still his Eyes does make,
But what his heart once has, does ne'r forsake.

To end then, after this assurance, know,
That you who are my last thought now I go,
Shall be when I am gon, my lastingst too.

LVI.

To the Lady Isabella Thinn.

Madam, i'th' worlds great Liberary, wher
I've studied Men far more than Books,
and there

Have learnt to know their differences too :
Some are my *Classique Authors*, such as you,
From whose fair *Lectures* I have learnt alone,
What's profitable, and fit for to be known.
Others light Pamphlets, which when once
w've read,
W're straightways cloy'd with them and satis-
ted.

Others

Others meer out-side mort for Ornamente
 Of studies, than for inside or contente,
 (For Libraries are like th' Stationers stall; ^o
 Defective, if not furnished with all)
 And sin'ly some too hard and Tetricall
 For th' Muses to be converstant withall :
 Having at last perused every one,
 I must conclude of all I've ever known
 Or read; both for contente and outside too:
 The fairest, best, I ever read, is you.

LVII.

The fair Mourner.

To the Lady HOWARD.

N sable weeds now all the Graces mourn,
 Till she to brighter Colours does return,
 And just like sad *Camelions* appear,
 Taking their dark reflections all from her,
 From her, whose Beauty can't go more nor
 lesse,
 For any additionary wear or dressie.
 Who gives her Robes, their chiefest ornameſt,
 Whilſt others chiefly from their Robes are
 (lent;
 And does herſelf within herſelf contain;
 All that's by others ſought and ſought in vain;

NOT

Not France does on the Neighbouring world
impose,

(As it had Patient fort) its garb and cloaths,
Nor Ladies teach with more becomingesse,
What Habits they should wear, what tire, what
dresse

Then she on all that's excellent, sweet, and fair,
Happy to take examples all from her.

Meantime was never sweeter sorrow seen,
Since for her Favourites losse the Italian
Queen,

Taught loveliness [could only smile before]
The Gentle Art to weep and to deplore,
Which she Improving makes her Tears the
while

More pretious sweet, than er was any's smile,
Enhancing of their value by't so high,
'Twould beggar either *India* to buy ;
Ah Gentle Nymph then shed them not so fast,
Of pretious baum make nor such lavish wast ;
One drops enough to satisfie for all
Misfortunes in this world co'd e'r befall,
And then the living make (by odds) the dead
Happyer, for whom those pretious Tears are
shed,

Who would, you'd spare them yet, their care
is such,

(Though most concer'nd) lest you should
weep too much;

Happy the whilst are both the joy and care,
Of all that's dead, of all that living are,

LVIII.

To Misa.

Angry because she was old.

Now what a Devil *Misa* makes
Thee with such eyes behold me still.
Cause from that time thy good looks takes,
Must I therefore have thy ill?

I prithee *Misa* don't behold
Me thus, as if I were thy Foe,
For howsoever thou art old,
I am not Time that make thee so.

And rather than to quarrel with me,
As if I had done thee wrong,
Go quarrel with thy Age I prithee,
Whose fault 'tis that thou'rt liv'd too long.

How e'r (for me) thou well mayst spare,
Thy anger, and thy frowns may cease,
Who for thy good looks little care,
For thy bad ones care much less.

To the same

On her striving to appear still fair and young.

Let Autumn paint her wither'd leaves,
And Winter dye his snowy hair,
Yet he's a fool that o'er perceives
Both aged and decayed are.

So while shoul needs look well again,
And still seem fair unto our sight,
Misfortune labours all in vain,
Like him who'd wash the Ethiop white.

Nature by Art is better made,
Whilst Art has ground for what it does,
But when that Nature's once decayed,
All Art but more deformed shews.

Who look's well in King Lear's reign,
And in King Chand's old appear'd,
Will hardly now look young again,
When th' Commonwealth has got a beard.

Then Mysse follow my advice,
And leaving off thy bootless care,
Strive rather to win hearts than eyes,
And so appear more good than fair.

To Phillis.

*Reporting he loved her, because he
praised her.*

Phillis, how you your Ignorance discover,
Whilst you mistake a Poet for a Lover,
Who when he verses writes, makes Love tis true,
But 'tis unto his Muse, and not to you,
And oftentimes does Mistresses invent,
To exercise his wit, and complement;
Just as I've Gallants seen (disposed to mock)
Make legs and faces to a courting Stock.
When then I prais'd you with *Hyperbolies*,
Nought but impossible, excus'd from eyes,
Planting the Rose and Lillys in your cheeks,
(Where one more truly might have planted
And talkt of your divinity of mind, (Leeks,))
(When I human'ly there co'd scarcely find)
And much more when I flatt'ring ye did bring
Sweets from Arabia, flowers from the Spring,
From Beauty all was excellent and fair,
And from the Graces all was choice and rare.
Were you so simple, to believe that I,
Could e'r commit so grosse Idollry,
Or that I had so little sense and wigness left
To mean all this by you? or you by it?
Pray be more wise hereafter, lest you make
Me blush (not for mine own) but for your sake,

And

Under Rappi against another Time,
 There's no small difference twixt Poise & Rhime;
 While I'm for what you are commandeth you,
 To her for what indeed you ought to be, who
 Your Poets end being only to make men
 Better than th'ar by their commanding them;
 Make you like use of't then, and so I may
 Perhaps admire ye, as you think and say;
 Mean time all (Praise) I admire in you,
 Is (saying I admir'd ye) you could think it true.

LXI.

To the Vice-Roy of Norway,

Anno 55.

In sending him some Verses which he desired,

My Lord, Behold your desire has a greatest force with me, than any others commands could have, I obeying it even when I was not in estate of obedience, being in the heat of a Fever, and consequently unapt either to write or compose any thing; If your Lordship find any heat then in these lines, I will not say tis of the Fever, nor that of Poetry; but of the desire I have so given you: and if you like it not, you will think it worth burning at least: then shall it but die a natural death, and but re-

turn to. to first being, being legot in Armes
I will detain your Lordship no longer from
reading it, being able to write no more, but
only that I am your constant and true Servt

Your Lordships h[on]ble, & O^rg[an]y

On his choosing Valentines.

How great a Freedom he injoyes
Who loves not without Counterpoise,
Since by attraction what it will,
He stands upon firm Ayses still :
So tother day my chance it was,
Choosing Valentines in a place,
To have one draw me, and I an other,
Who so counterballanc't tother,
Neither Captive I was made,
Both such equal Beauty had,
Eithers Captive else had been,
And I both a flunder seen, bled E
So true tis when two fithe at those,
We to our equal choice propose, uado I gave
We should dye e're we could choose, uado I
Which to take, or which refuse,
No danger's then of either's harm,
Whilst th' othe undoes the other's charms
But when these Circles are alone,
Then all the loving harm is done,
So the who made Axleby spin,
Pis Club layd by, and Lions skin,

Shon

(105)

men should soon have seen with what disdain
romantic would have snatched them up again,
but had thrown his servile work aside,
soon as some Dame he had esp'y'd
in room with *Omphale* appear,
At all parts equalizing her;
so great a freedom he enjoys,
Who loves not without counterpoise,
Since be th' attraction what it will,
He stands upon firm basis still.

LXII.

To the Countess of Desmond.

On the Death of the Lady Thoephyla Carey, Daughter to Henry Earle of Monmouth, Anno 55.

Madam,

Saw so many Graces and Perfections in the
Lady Thoephyla Carey (for she was all transparent,
and her very Soul did shine thorough
her Body) as I must wish (with her noble
Familie, and the rest of her Honourers and Ad-
mirers) that either I had never known her, or
that we had never been depriv'd of her. But
being fair as an Angel, having an Angels
mind, and singing too Angelically as she did,
we might well imagine her one of those Ce-
lestials

lestial Quires, and cease wondring, being
all Angels as she was, that we had onely
Glymple of her on Earth, and that she
should straight vanish like some Heavely
Apparition into Heaven; It dealing so ordi-
narily with us in this manner, to shew us such
as she only, and straight to snatch them a-
way again, as I begin to suspect, but to
make us desire to follow them, knowing us
so Earthly minded, as there's no other way
to intice us unto Heaven. For my part, (at
least) upon her death I've left the Town (so
much I am displeas'd with it, could no better
conserye the choicest Rarity it had) and
that after Times might know what a losse
they had in her, as well as the present,
have made this Epitaph on her before
went into the Country.

Reader, if thou art courteous stay,
And understand before thou goe,
Here lies th' admir'd Theophila;
More of her if thou wilt know,
For Beauteous features, lovely Grace,
For candid breast, and purest mind,
She Glory was of Careys race,
And excellenciest of Womankind.

Ingenious Dr. Grewel aduersary in this exhortation
desire to be built only **LXIII.**

To Mr. Thomas Higgins

With his Ode in praise of the Country life.

Nobis Sir, ravenly, & all day long,
I chose on whose bough the Tree grows have
most right to the fruit, none has more
right than your self to this following Ode in
praise of the Country life, since 'twas made at
Grewel with you in the Country. After which
I know not what excuse to allege for my living
in the Town, but that self-accusing one of *Phe-
dra*, *Vides, miliorum, perfraseris*, or this, that
when I would have to my friends and self, I go
into the Country, when no others, I go to
Town; however, I being ~~of that~~ *an amphibian*
Gender, with those who are now in one,
now in other, do receive this benefit (*at least*)
by it, that the one but he gets an appetite to
tother; all pleasures in this life consisting in a
certain change and vicissitude, which indeed
is but a pause and respite of pain, or relaxation
from misery, (none taking pleasure in rest, but
the weary, nor inventing bus the hungry, &c.)
which you'll easily perceive, when consider
them but too long, and then make a point of
that pleasure, and begin to long for the plea-
sure of the pain you had before; such is our
humane infirmity, as like sick men in their beds,

we lye tossing and tumbling up and down, and restlesly change place, only to find rest, which we can never find, because we carry Unrest along with us, *quod è re nascitur vix evitatur*; the purest company which I find without lafitude is the company and conversation of a frend, which is the more pure the more spiritual they are: and that, Sir, I never enjoy in greater perfection, than when I am with your company.

ODE

In praise of the Country life.

C Happinesse of Country life, &c. [boast,
Which Town nor Palace ne're could
Where men are even with Gods at strife
Whose happiness should be the most,
Whilst innocently all live there,
Lords of themselves, in selfe command,
Out of the Road of Hopes and Fears,
And out of Fortune's proud command.
Where to deprive men of their own,
Is crime which you shry never saw,
Nor more in justice it was knowne
Then not to give thee heres blessed, Lawd meid
- abq 3d) not ghd by nigard his, or abq 3d
two. si. than ; violad her boy nq abq 3d
abq 3d) wq m kbd said es, qm m qm on **bare**

Where but for fish there's none lags-haist,
Nor traps but for some ravenous Beast,
And but for Foul there's no deceipt,
So harmless is't as is all the rest.

Where of false dealings wane's afraid,
And soothing flattery none allowes,
But only in the Dairy Maid,
Who whilst she milks them, stroaks her Cows.

Where only in Sheep-sheering Time
The Rich the Poor do seem to Flare,
And of oppression all their crime
Is only whilst they make their Cheese,

Then for the pleasure, do but think,
Th' vast difference there is twixt both,
Whilst men in Towns live in a sink,
A life, even very beasts would loath.

Where nothing on the Earth does grow,
To speak the seasons; but (in summ,)
By Dirt they only Winter know,
And only dust shows summer come.

Then for serenating the mind,
Without which no contentment is,
Where in lowd Cries shall you find
A recollection like to this?

Wheree whiche Object whilst I stay,
And hidden cause of it would find,
No noise does fright my thoughts away,
Nor sudden light distract my mind.

Or if that any noise there be,
'tis such as makes me not afraid,
Of Waters fall, Birds Melody,
Or th' bleating flock, or lowing heard.

Mean time how highly are they blest,
Whose conversations all with them,
Who only bat for th' name of Beast,
Are (in effect) lesse beasts than Men.

For no ambition makes them fight,
Nor unto mutual slaughter run,
Invading one anothers right,
Till t'one or both be quite undone.

Noe others acts calumiate,
Nor misinterpret every word,
For others lives none lies in wait,
Nor kills with poyson, nor with sword.

Then to conclude the Country life,
Has happiness Towns could never boast,
Where men see even brist God war strife,
Whose happiness should be the most,

And France like somewhere must be spent, where
 Give me but Ambres Company,
 Without which life has no content,
 And here I could both live and die.

A condolling Epistle
To the Dutchesse of Richmonnd,
Anno. 1553.

On the death of my Lord Duke her Husband.

Madam,

A Midst the greatest discomfort I ever had,
 This comfort my Lady Kingsme^d gave
 me at my arrival to Town, that a more
 coming sorrow, nor more natural than that of
 your Graces, as yet she never saw, which made
 me (Madam) instead of condoling (in some
 sort) congratulate with your Grace, that as
 you formerly performed all the parts of a most
 illustrious wife, so now you do of a most ex-
 ample Widow, one of which is not to
 mourn ambitious as others doe, and with
 such a studied sorrow, as if they courted new
 Husbands in mourning for the old, but with
 such a Grief, as shews them rather dying than
 living, since those are dead whom they most
 lov'd alive. Mean Time (Madam) since you-

and all earthly
things I have (A balsach
you not to do so, as though they were dead
and now to give enough) but imagin (a-
moe) how the imaginations of the dead)
that you hear your noble Lord and Husband
say thus ; " Why (dearest
wife) hast thou these three main busynesses
to do, to have care of my Children, to have
a curst husband, and to bewail me dead,
why would thou frustrate and irritate my
will in all these three, by making my Chil-
dren orphans by thy death ? by ru-
ining my estate if thou dyest ? and lament-
ing me so dead, as 'twould kill me a second
time were I alive ? Moderate thy sorrow then,
and kill me not wholly by 't, who am not
wholly dead, as long as thou art alive, but live
as (if 'twere in thy power) thou'dst have me
live again, so shall thou comfort me by com-
forting thy self, so shall I more perceive
thy love, than if thou dyedst for me.
Theft / Madam /

That (Madam) I beseech your Grace to
believe are rather his words than mine, & after
which I'll say no more but only repeat, whilst I
write this following Elegy , and subscribe my
myselfe, & really it was never shall ever be,
and

MUSEUM
OF
ART

On the death of the Duke of Richmond

BY GEORGE VILLE

AS when some mighty blowe is givene,
By which our Wall & Towers in shooke,
Some all agast look up to Heaven,
Some wildly on each other looke,
Nay sometimes too (wher made of strawe or staw
Frail brittle stuffe) it may so fall,
The violence of it may be so much,
To shatter implooy life and all.
So, at Report that Richmounth was dead,
Whilst some Aflownd stand at Gaze,
Some towards Heaven lift up their head,
In witnessse of their sad amaze.

We whom the blow does strike more neare,
At the report even dead do fall,
Whilst sad and dolefull news we hear,
Of such a *Death* that kills us all.

How would that Tyrant (then) be glad,
To Mankind was so great a Foe,
He wisht that all but one neck had,
To take them all off at a blow?

When he shou'd see, how lowe' gon,
Howe dñe I wot foughte each one in
As if to kill me all in one,
Did need no other Dyng but him.

Mean time soft rest I' th' sacred Vn,
Unto his Noble Ashes be,
Where lies intombid, no to returnyng,
All Virtue, all Nobility.

A
Until the Heir Mars left behinde,
In whom his House's hopes remain,
True Offspring of the Phoenix kind,
Revive them from his dust against al hind hand
Then shall his Mother teare refrain,
Then shall she cease to sigh and moan,
Seeing her Husband live again,

With all his Glories in her Son.

Is'gnd (no 1) many Tand blow w
no Parting olnew bridleM o T
the dyng etha and falle etha
weld s in the dyng etha

Consolatory Epistle,
To the Queen Mother of France, Mary
of Medicines; written about the year, 41.

Omitted in its place, and inscribed here.

Madam,

YOUR MAJESTY knows (whose chief study these
many years has been Divinity) how our D.
Saviour in one place of *Holy Writ*, says, *Without
him we can do nothing*; and the *Apostle* in
another, *That he could do all things in him who
comforted him*: which two passages consider'd
together, (as two contrary Medicaments in
mixture) are a Sovereign cure for those two ex-
tream maladies of our soul, a too great Pres-
umption; and too great confidence of our selves.
For who will ever despair hereafter, when he
considers the second saying? Or, who will
presume too much of himself, who considers
but the first? In consideration of which, a
certain *Holy man* was wont to say, *God, and
I can do all things*; and if it seem too great a
presumption in him, to name himself with God,
certainly a greater presumption 'tis for any to
name themselves without him. This receive
(Madam) your Majesty has got, and this con-
sideration 'tis, that makes you bear all your
Afflictions with so great patience, as Job will
no more be mentioned for it, when your Ma-
jesty is named, nor David for mansards and

for-

the example of his life, & death; which was done with Admiration, and much awe, & virtue.) whilst one, inciting you, against your Enemies, your Micerity intercapped them, with increasing their No. & Hell, and affirming that they were persons daily and nightly prayed for. Oh generous and noble example of Christian Patience and Charitie! worthy perpetual Remembrance, which (Madam) I set before your Micerities eyes, knowing that nothing can move more for the present, than the recollection of our good Deeds past, as nothing encourages us more to those that are to come. And this I desire to set before the eyes of all the world, that the joyful consistency of the Greatness of the person and example might more move them to Imitation. Be please'd so go on then (Madam) in being a pattern, as you are, not only to these, but also to future Times, of Longanimity, Patience, and Suffurance. God ever from time to time renewing in his Church such examples as these, that beholding them near at hand, we might believe them possible, which else beheld afar off, might be imagined Fabulous, and but the illusions of Fancy and Imagination; so shall you receive (Madam) of our B. Saviour, who has said he is the way, the truth, and the life, for you following his way, and his Example, Trib for your Guide, and Eternal life for your reward, which is the wish of Madam of

Yours Affectionately
FINIS.

